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THE LITERARY LIFE OF ISAAC TAYLOR.

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OUR greatest English lay theologian since Coleridge has been taken away. A brief paragraph lately announced the death of Isaac Taylor, at the age of seventy-seven, in the secluded retreat of Stanford Rivers, where he has meditated for forty years, and from which he has given to three generations words of thoughtful wisdom, expressing deeply-fixed beliefs. The announcement must, in an unwonted manner, have touched the feelings and imagination of those amongst its readers who appreciated his literary work, and the way he did it, in the last forty years of English religious life. His long term of unbroken mental activity was marked by a rare and curious individuality of taste, feeling, and thinking, which is of great price in the conventional uniformity of these generations. It was passed in a spirit, with intentions, and amidst circumstances, which may be called unique, and even romantic, in an age much devoted to the worship of useful knowledge and free trade. Although the silence still sacred to a recent sorrow might rather suit the feeling of one who loved him, a brief utterance may be acceptable to some, in this and other countries, who desire to ponder, when it is closed for ever, what we all held in having a literary life like his so lately lived amongst us.

The strong individuality of Isaac Taylor is shown in his behaviour amidst the traditions of his birth and his early social environment. His father was in the early years of this century the evangelical pastor of dissenting congregations at Colchester and Ongar, and the benignant head of a family already not undistinguished in art and literature. Both father and mother wrote books full of mild domestic wisdom, and the young of a now risen generation were made happy by a small library, written for their instruction and amusement at the leisure hours of the good pastor at Ongar. One of two uncles was an eminent publisher, and the other was the learned editor

of Calmet. Two sisters have cheered and enlightened many a juvenile family group by their hymns. And it can now be added that his eldest son, the fourth Isaac in direct succession, is the known author of "Words and Places," and one of the rising hopes of the Anglican Church.

A busy, genial home life, first at Lavenham, in Suffolk, where he was born, and afterwards at Colchester and Ongar, was the soil which nourished the growth of the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm." But his inherent tastes, sympathies, and antipathies, were much too strong to be moulded by any section of domestic or ecclesiastical society with which his antecedents might happen to connect him; his intellect and imagination were too active to allow him to accept beliefs as an easy inheritance. The family life at Ongar warmed his heart, and helped to keep it pure. His eye, imagination, and reason were in his own keeping; no public school or theological academy shared that duty with him. His youthful taste may have yearned for the grand old Church Universities from which his ancestors had separated; nevertheless neither Oxford nor Cambridge can point to his name on their matriculation lists. A theological contemplatist from his first years, having his conscience and his meditative tendencies nourished in self-education by the historic disclosures of inspired books with regard to the origin, destiny, and hopes of man, his was not a nature to brook the bondage of a pastorate in the meeting-house, or to find its ideal and full satisfaction for its religious cravings in the stern isolation of Puritanical Dissent. An independent expression of profoundly-seated convictions was more agreeable to a mind of this order than the profession of the Christian ministry, in this modern age of ecclesiastical schism, and narrow controversies about systematized theological doctrine. His refined and pensive genius at first sought exercise in the family love of art; but literature was soon found to be a form of expression for his mental pictures more fit and convenient than the pencil or the canvas. The *Electric Review*, a periodical which could boast

of some of the best writings of Foster and Hall, then the intellectual pillars of Dissent, about 1818 received the first published writings of Isaac Taylor. Ten succeeding years of experimental exercise with his pen produced more than one volume still associated with his name. This initial series commenced in 1822 with "Elements of Thought," and ended characteristically, about 1828, with disquisitions on the "Process of Historical Proof," and on the mode of the "Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times," which suggest the uniformly concrete and historical character of his early as of his later religious musings.

It was about 1828, when fairly settled in domestic life in his old-fashioned cottage at Stanford Rivers, that he addressed himself to the literary enterprise which gives unity to his life, and in which he appears most truly as he was. With this literary enterprise his characteristic feelings and fancies, as well as his deep and peculiar insight of humanity, are so obtrusively blended, that when we want to rescue any of the subjects on which he touches from the pale colours reflected by the surrounding atmosphere of ordinary opinion, there are few more effectual resources than to watch its transmutations as it here passes through the alembic of his richly imaginative sentiment.

On the well-filled book shelf that is occupied by nearly thirty volumes produced by Isaac Taylor, six stand out prominently to the eye of the reader who looks for the key to the inner meaning of his literary life. First of these in chronological order is the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," published in 1829, and the last is "Home Education," which appeared in 1838. "Fanaticism," "Spiritual Despotism," "Saturday Evening," and the "Physical Theory of Another Life," were issued in the interval. They all belong to the fifth decade of their author's life. Their history explains at once the strength and the weakness of his position as an educator of the modern English mind, as well as the inadequacy of the contemporary recognition which his endeavours have received in proportion to the genius which they display.

Let us try to put ourselves at the point of view he occupied when commencing the literary enterprise of which at least three of those books are the exponents. In doing so we seem to see one of fastidious taste and active imagination, with acutely sensitive moral and religious sensibilities, who has been long in daily intercourse, through canonical "books transmitted" from ancient

time, with minds inspired by the Supreme Mind to shed light upon the origin and issue of this mysterious life, and to warm our hearts with heavenly hopes. His faith has been led by a history of supernatural events transacted on earth, in the framework as it were of the terrestrial economy,—these transactions, and not systematized doctrines, being to him the very substance of religious truth. His conscience and moral emotions are sustained by this record of human and divine doings, which seem to him in a sensible manner to connect the visible with the invisible. Through these biblical records, in England in this nineteenth century, he has learned to sustain and regulate religious feelings, simply by belief in events centuries old, in which God was sensibly revealed as the Moral Governor of men. His devout emotions thus depend on no mere abstractions; they are attached to the firm rock of the historic past. He believes that "every particle of the German infidelity must be scattered to the winds, when it is proved that Jesus rose from the dead." Christianity is with him religious emotion evoked by historical belief in a series of real events, and not by an abstract theological science. It is not assisted by metaphysical theories about the facts, nor suggested by them. It is no more dependent on abstractions and generalizations than the pains and pleasures of animal life are. Indeed, its objects are not of a kind to be generalized by us at all, for "in divinity many things must be left abrupt," and whatever *Calvinism* or any other *ism* may say, he believes with Bacon, that "perfection or completeness in Divinity is not to be sought." We may be morally influenced by its unsystematizable facts or transactions—we cannot translate them into a consistent abstract system without spoiling them. The rudiments of all religious life so cohere, in his view, to the grand historic transactions recorded in these biblical records, that neither can be separated from the other. On them, and only on them, he feels that he can plant his foot firmly, and ascend, on the basis of our common-sense faith in good history, from the abyss of doubt and anxiety to which earnestly continued meditation had at first reduced him. Historic testimony to a miraculous economy, once unfolded on this plant in a series of events which occupied ages, is to this theory of religious life what his famous abstract maxim was to Descartes. Unlike that of Descartes and the abstract philosophers, this resting-place is in the concrete of history,

on good and sure historic proof. "The function and range of the human mind," our English lay theologian would probably say, "makes no veritable commencement, either in theological science or in abstract philosophy, in the rear of the line where the concrete makes its appearance. Christian faith is in its very substance historical. It becomes vague sentiment if it be at all loosened off from the events recorded in the sacred books transmitted from ancient times; or a web of illusory metaphysic spun by theological sophists and system-mongers when the anomalies and eccentricities of its historical evolution are sought to be accommodated to deductive theological systems; or a maddening frenzy, when the genuine effects of its facts are perverted by the imagination, divorced from good sense, and brought into alliance with inhuman or malignant feelings; or an intolerable yoke, when the tremendous power with which its constituent events are charged is turned aside for purposes of civil or ecclesiastical tyranny."

But is not the history of Christianity, as actually professed among men, for the most part a history of these very perversions of its historic substance? If the writings commonly called canonical brought the recluse student of history at Ongar and Stanford Rivers face to face with events which—looked at across the gulf of more than eighteen centuries,—were the daily aliment of his own fresh and pure life, other historical books—Patristic and Mediæval—which he diligently studied, and the patent phenomena of modern English Christianity, revealed the dark and troubled story of the Christian Church. If he found the historic transactions of the supernatural economy fitted to evoke liberal and comprehensive thought, and to sustain humble and tender feelings, ready to solve practically the perplexing moral and social problems of humanity, and apt to inaugurate a reign of universal peace, the story of their professed belief revealed a long course of narrow-mindedness and cruelty. The living communities which most loudly proclaimed their Christian faith, were mutually repellent under the influence of sectarian hate. The large conceptions which unite men who are animated by a common belief in eternal truths, were exchanged for the pettiness and bigotry, which have perverted the history in which he found peace into an occasion of malice and all uncharitableness. The glory of the real religion of feelings generated and regulated by faith in grand historical transactions, was lost in the vain

disputes of a verbal one; and the sentiment of its divine grandeur was concealed in dreary symbols and technicalities, from which living meaning had subsided by long-continued professional usage.

The characteristic literary enterprise of Isaac Taylor's life seems to have been the issue of a brooding sense of the affecting contrast between the feelings and sympathies generated in him on the one hand by the *biblical* story of a supernatural restorative intercourse, and on the other by the *Church* history of the abuse by the intellect, the imagination, and the feelings of men, of these same Divine Revelations transacted upon this planet. It expresses the recoil of highly wrought meditative sentiment, in sympathy with the vision Divine, from painful contact with the vulgar work and tone of modern English ecclesiastical life, as well as from the more corrupt, if more splendid hierarchies of the past or the distant; and which finds the nearest approach to congeniality with itself in the records of those historic crises, led by Apostles or Reformers, when the human mind, over a wide area, was anew brought for a time into real intercourse with the supernatural facts that had been transacted in ancient history.

Might not such brooding rather have induced despair?—a taking for granted that the contrast between the ideal of the historically excited religious life and the actual condition of the communities called Christian must maintain itself in the future as in the past—a standing mystery to try the faith of the few? It might well seem so. But this literary enterprise was undertaken at a time when "the belief that a bright era of renovation, union, and extension" presently awaited the Christian Church was widely entertained by devout persons in England. The author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm" announced "his own participation in this cheering hope," as what impelled him to undertake the difficult task of describing, under various forms, that fictitious piety which has hitherto never failed to appear in times of unusual excitement, and which may be anticipated as the probable attendant of a new development of the powers of Christianity." Perhaps with most this belief was then the result of an uncritical study of prophetic books. With him it was the issue of a philosophical survey of the relative social strength of Christianity and the other religions of the world. Amid an otherwise increased religious imbecility and dotage, the Christian beliefs alone, notwithstanding the dark shades which rest upon the history of their pro-

fession, retained in his eye the signs of youthful vigour. These beliefs, in their nearest approach to purity, had their centre in the Anglo-Saxon nations, at the motive-springs of modern energy, wealth, enterprise, and enlightenment, and were actually in the one place to command an ultimate and not distant succession to universal empire. The time in which he engaged in his literary undertaking was to him the "Saturday morning" of the world's eventful history, and the Sabbath of its redemption was near at hand. It was the time to inaugurate an "Instauratio Magna" for the Church.

More than two centuries before, the prophetic eye of Bacon had discovered signs of the intellectual revolution which he has heralded in the great labour of his life—his unfinished "Instauratio Magna Scientiarum," where, in six successive books, he proposed to spread before the imagination the deficiencies, errors, and corruptions of the human understanding, and to prescribe appropriate remedies—the chief of these being an exposure of the causes of error, and the abatement of their influence, which once accomplished, the mind will spontaneously recognize what is true. A design in much akin to this "Instauratio" of Bacon, and animated by much of the large comprehension of Baconian imagination, but confined to the world of moral and religious experience, suggested the six volumes of which the "Natural History of Enthusiasm" was meant to be the first. And this "Instauratio" was also to take the form of six books, but concerning itself only with ecclesiastical *idola*. It was a religious philosophy offered to meet the wants of an age enfeebled by religious divisions. It proposed to display in one view "the principal forms of spurious religion"—Enthusiasm, in which the imagination modifies feelings and beliefs, which the actual evolution of the historical events which constitute the divine revelation ought alone to regulate; Fanaticism, in which malignant passion conspires to a like effect with imagination; Spiritual Despotism, under which beliefs and feelings, as professed, are the mere creatures of ecclesiastical authority, and not the intelligent result of historical researches; Credulity, which is ready to substitute any belief and correlative feeling for those imposed by the real historical evidence; Scepticism, which, discarding the history, believes nothing; and Corruption of Morals, which practically illustrates the operations of the five preceding substitutes for pure biblical faith.

The first instalment of this "Instauratio" was greeted with general applause. Each section of the ecclesiastical commonwealth exulted in the blows which fell upon its neighbour and rival. But, as they fell in turn impartially upon all, their author began to be looked upon as an ecclesiastical Ishmael. The gloomy shades which darken some of their pictures of sentiment in the past, have been actually reproduced in the history of their own collision with the life which they criticised. Only the first three of the six proposed books made their appearance, though what are virtually fragments of the others may be found in the more discursive productions of their author's later life. But the reader will find in the finished and fragmentary volumes more original study of the moral phenomena of man in his relations to the Unseen and Eternal, more massive and even picturesque delineation of the broad principles in human nature which underlie religious history, viewed in their operation on a great scale, as well as richer contributions to the facts of moral science, than in any other English theological writings of the years in which they appeared. No Englishman since Coleridge has done more to conquer room for the intellect to employ itself, and for the heart to expand itself, while continuing to maintain a sympathetic faith in historic records of a supernatural part of the history of our planet and our race.

But the forty years which have well nigh elapsed since this enterprise was launched abounded in social currents and eddies of opinion, which left it stranded in its disturbed course through the mazes of Puritanism, and of Low Church, High Church, and Broad Church Anglicanism. An unusual interest belongs to the theological history of this same forty years in England. Its early stage carries fancy back to years when a spring freshness still marked the rise within its own social circle of the type of religious life that is associated with Thomas Scott and William Wilberforce, in the Establishment, and, more intellectually, with Foster and Hall in the world of Puritanical Dissent; when a halo of romance surrounded the then novel undertaking in England of Protestant missionary incursions on Heathendom; and when emotional ardour, divided between petty controversies at home and crudely concocted assaults upon the kingdom of darkness abroad, vexed the soul of the student secluded at Stanford Rivers in the morning of his appointed work. The noon of his busy life recalls to those now in middle age the fervid heat that followed the

introduction within the Anglican Church of elements latent indeed in its constitution, but which the devout and learned enthusiasts of Oxford had recalled from ancient Christianity to restrain modern worldliness and growing anarchy in the crisis of our political reformation, when venerable Church institutions and traditions were becoming imperilled by the modern heresy of religious equality. Oxford in those days raised the ecclesiastical temperature of society to a degree which, about 1840, induced even the sage of Stanford Rivers to exchange his meditations upon the past religious phenomena of human nature for a place in the strife as author of "Ancient Christianity." And then at a third stage in this same forty years we find him, in the evening of his working-day, overtaken by a current of sympathy, emanating from the same Oxford, and having springs in the constitution and history of the same Church, but which was colouring the atmosphere of all Western Europe with neither the merely biblical nor the merely ecclesiastical religion of the past, but with an ideal Christianity of the future, which—as he viewed it.—was to relax the tie by which he had all his life essentially connected spiritual religion with the historic records of a supernatural economy.

The literary life of Isaac Taylor is surely not to be credited exclusively to any one of these three phases of Anglican Christianity—*inherent in the Anglican as in every comprehensive religious system, and which have reproduced themselves in turns, as often as Anglicanism has been moved into spiritual, ecclesiastical, and intellectual activity.* Some of the elements which form his individuality repelled him from each, whilst others attracted him to each in turn, and might draw liberal representatives of all the three to him. The professed Biblicalism of the first harmonized with the groundwork of his own religion but was presented in its repulsive exclusiveness in the narrow, unreflective, schismatised religion, in which "the individual Christian, with his Bible in his hand" thinks that he "need fix his eyes upon nothing but the little eddy of his personal emotions," and was for him spoiled in abstract doctrinal systems whose authors have forgotten that "truth in religion is always something that has been acted and transacted." The Ecclesiastical religion which rose around him in his middle life seemed at first to carry in its constitution seeds of dismal maladies, with which his studies of ancient Church life and literature had long made him familiar. But then

it was congenial to him as something embodied in persons and societies, and it also appealed to his broad historic sympathies with the variations of form and hue which absolute Christianity, subsequent to its original historical evolutions, must bear, when reflected with various effect from age to age "from distorted and discoloured human nature," in the types presented in the religious lives of Prophets and Apostles, of Nicene and post-Nicene Fathers, of Hildebrand and Loyola, or in the Modern Church organizations,—Eastern and Western, Anglican and Dissenting. As life advanced he seems to have felt as if his exposure of ancient Christianity was one-sided, and that it unduly darkened phases of religious life already too little recognized in the creed of the self-satisfied Low Churchman or Dissenter, but which claimed recognition all the more as he observed the strength of Anglican Christianity intensified, or its elevating spirit diffused, by the powerful influence emanating from Keble and Newman. The more Ideal phase of Christianity which began to be accepted in his later years probably seemed to him more subversive of faith, hope, and charity than either the popular Evangelicalism of his youth, or the revived Ecclesiasticism by which he was surrounded in middle life. In the religious philosophy which he offered to his age, Christianity is steadily regarded as an emotional life sustained by belief in supernatural events attested by history. Either this or atheism was his uniform alternative to himself. But the tendency of the theory of Christianity now becoming current is to secure for the substance of religious life an independence of perennial controversies about historic facts and scientific doctrines, to conquer unlimited space for historical and scientific discovery, in consistency with a continued conscious possession of all that is essential in Spiritual Christianity. His antagonism to this tendency, in what he believed to be its results, was condensed in his "Restoration of Belief," as "Ancient Christianity" was his weapon in the warfare with Anglicanism.

We cannot claim for the religious philosophy contained in this unfinished "Instauratio" resources for an encounter with evils probably attendant upon this latest and now present phase of English Christianity equal to those which it possesses, as a corrective of evils which attend the two other phases. Perhaps, with the habits of Isaac Taylor's life, notwithstanding the fresh intellectual vitality which he so remarkably retained to the last, he could less readily accommodate himself to the new point of view. Let us

try for a moment to compare that point with his. Truth in religion is, according to his habits of thought, something that has been miraculously acted and transacted. It is something that has been supernaturally embodied in persons and societies. But then religion itself is a manner of feeling and acting in relation to God. The realization of the Christian manner of feeling and acting is the *end* towards which the extraordinary events and transactions that constitute religious truth, on this philosophy, are the *means*. But is this Christian manner of feeling and acting,—to which our moral and spiritual experience responds, now that it has been realized and embodied in modern institutions,—is *it* to be exposed to the accidents of the endless controversies that are going on about what has happened in long past ages? This Christianity of the Inner Life is a treasure which has *somewhat* come to us—whatever its historic origin, or however it may have at first become assimilated with the evolutions of human affairs. Must we refrain from *living it* in our daily feelings towards God, until we shall have settled the controverted questions about the manner of its introduction in the past of human history? There is something in us which responds to it, and with which it blends congenially in good men. Shall we disregard this, and peril the moral and spiritual treasure upon historical disputes, which,—as still maintained among learned and candid persons,—must relate to matters of opinion, and not to truth absolute and eternal? With the inner treasure already in our possession, and ready for universal use, Christians may, some begin to think, now and henceforward hold themselves free to pursue any researches, historical or scientific, confident that no iconoclast of ancient historic documents, canonical or non-canonical, no physical discovery of what has happened or may hereafter happen in the wide realms of nature, can alter a manner of feeling and acting in relation to God which—whatever its historic origin—has now found its warrant in the depths of our being, and in all modern experience of it as the supreme motive power in human affairs. In this faith, all history as well as the biblical and ecclesiastical—the history of nature and the scientific interpretation of the same, together with the history of man and the interpretation of the moral experience of the human race—is virtually Divine Revelation, contributing to nourish and expand those feelings towards God and men which, however the historical and scientific questions to which they give

rise may be settled, the scriptural books and the institutions of Christianity have developed and maintained, and must develop and maintain in yet richer harmony, when free from the bondage of the letter, and from the risk of interference with our intellectual growth.

The religious philosophy of the stage through which English Christianity is now passing has thus to address itself to persons at whose point of view it seems necessary, for the very sake of the spiritual treasure itself, that that treasure should be finally extricated from the entanglements of historical and scientifical controversy—raised aloft in view of all possible discoveries about books or nature—and thus saved and secured for the race which it is blessing, while indefinite room is left for the free interpretation of nature and books in a spirit of philosophic candour. This is not the place to consider on what conditions may be attained this result, so congenial to many whose religious manner of feeling and acting towards God and men is made known to others by its good fruits in their lives, if not by the orthodoxy of their abstract doctrines.

We ought perhaps to read the somewhat discursive and miscellaneous writings of Isaac Taylor in the last quarter of a century of his literary life as if they were produced in discouragement consequent upon the partial abandonment of his chief literary enterprise. The volumes on "Loyola and Jesuitism" (1849), and on "Wesley and Methodism" (1851), as well as Essays in the *North British Review* on Chalmers and Scotch theology, present in diversified aspects his favourite view of Christianity as something continuously embodied in persons and social transactions, as well as his sympathy with a variety of forms in its embodiment—provided that each form expresses in its own fashion a profound sense of human guilt and divine deliverance. The essays on Scotch theology especially indicate his abiding conviction that Christian truth consists of a series of historical events, not of logical deductions from dogmatically assumed definitions; and that a religious community which in these times perverts Christianity into a despotic human system of such deductions must inevitably lose its own hold over educated minds. His "Restoration of Belief" (1855), is the nucleus of subsequent periodical essays in defence and illustration of his own resting-place of religious belief and feeling in the records of history, as against the disintegrating influences of modern criticism.

But the undertones of another and more

speculative question reach us from the volumes of this lay theology, asking whether, after all, even in its best state, there is not something in the circumstances of our earthly environment which must make human life in this animal body a field in which the powers, whether of good or evil, can be only imperfectly developed, and in which all must be more or less the prey of prejudices and perversions? It invites us to consider the limitation and imperfection which are inherent in a consciousness sustained under the conditions of this animal body. The earthly experience of each man presents only a few of the infinite changes of which the sensible universe is the theatre, and yet these few are inextricably linked with all the others. Then our human experience of what we call the material world is here limited to five senses, and yet there may be qualities of matter to which millions of senses are inadequate. The memory of man on earth retains but a little of this little which he has experienced, and the little so retained is ever tending to release itself from our keeping, and at the best can only be reproduced in consciousness by instalments. How dim and narrow in its results is our reproductive power itself, when it evolves its images of what is past or of what is possible. Unable to comprehend the universe and its relations in a single intuitive grasp, we must have recourse to verbal reasonings as a substitute, and try thus to solve, bit by bit, with the help of words, a small part of the vast problem which we cannot entertain as a whole. Reasoning is carried on by arbitrary signs, which are the medium of our reflective intercourse with ourselves, and of all our intercourse with other minds. But what an instrument is a system of arbitrary signs, which carries in it the seeds of constant misunderstanding, and in which, from its very nature, the relation between words and meanings tends to perpetual change and their dissolution. Then how great a withdrawal from the service of our higher nature is occasioned by the daily wants of the animal economy and our organic welfare. How under a physical system such as this can we expect to reach the high ideal of a Renovated Church, or escape the din of controversy and the passions of contending sects? Can any events natural or supernatural, in past history or in present, rescue us from these consequences, so long as we are subject to the restraints and limitations of this present sensible world and animal economy?

Without quitting, for transcendental abstractions, the economy of historic events in the sensible world in which we now find our-

gelves, and with which our inner religious life is indissolubly connected, Isaac Taylor sought to find, in this same economy itself, grounds for previsive inference, or at least for conjecture, in regard to the historic evolution of events which are to happen in our conscious experience, subsequently to the dissolution of human nature—in the death of this present animal body which retards the full growth of the seeds of good and evil. To the contemplation of this grander ideal than that of any possible millennium upon earth, the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm" turned from amid the *disjecta membra* of his "Instauratio," as to "the favorite and peaceful themes" of still earlier meditations and studies, in which "he is most happy to find himself in a region not exposed to storms." A "Physical Theory of Another Life" took the place of those historical analyses of the religious and moral nature of man, when it presents the phenomena of Credulity or of Scepticism, or when it is morally vitiated by any of the forms of spurious religion which he had proposed to delineate in the latter part of his "Instauratio." Perfect knowledge, and the perfect Ecclesiastical and other Social harmony which implies perfect knowledge, are not consistent with the very conditions of life in this animal economy. But "there is a spiritual body," in which consciousness may hold new physiological relations to what we call Matter.

This excursion into mental physiology is made in one of the six books already reckoned characteristic of its author's literary life,—and that not merely because it may be regarded as a portion of the design of the "Instauratio" transferred to a now invisible system of things, but also because it presents his characteristic manner of meditating about the "world of mind" in its present and future physiological relations in man and other animals.

The phenomena of human nature, in its use and abuse of that supernatural economy whose history fed his own religious feelings, formed only a part of the possible evolutions in the "world of mind" which Isaac Taylor cogitated for more than sixty years. The shadow of the "Unseen and Eternal" converted his daily pilgrimage through this strange life into a daily scene of literary supernatural interests. Slightly as the great mystery in which it all terminates usually excites the imagination of the average "religious world," his was not an eye that could withdraw itself from that which to the meditative envelops this transient sense-experience, in every part of it, with

awe and sublimity. If biblical history, which seemed to him to convey religion embodied in the wonders of the past, has shed no distinct light on that more wonderful future which is to follow the dissolution of the animal body, can previsive physical science which has unlocked so many secrets of our earth and heavens not discover, from what is now in this sensible world, what shall be hereafter in larger fields of sense-experience? In the study of our now embodied mind may we not have suggested to us at least some plausible representation of the spiritual embodiment, which in the natural course of events, as they historically evolve themselves in the new earth and heavens, is to be substituted for this animal one? Our death as animals is indeed an event unique in the personal history of each, and our conjectures cannot be tested by adequate inductive verification. Yet this analogical exercise of the imagination is akin to its exercise in all its fruitful observation of nature.

By far the most elaborately conceived and executed work of this whole literary life is the one in which its author — under the designation of a "Physical Theory" of continued life under supposed conditions of a spiritual body, — employs analogy to lift the veil now guarded by Death, and to unfold to our view the splendid possibilities of a conscious history maintained under new relations to a new experience of matter. Through analogy man has long been supposed capable of having his belief confirmed in the nature and attributes of God; through analogy he was now invited, for the confirmation of his faith, to anticipate in imagination his own embodied immortality.

Physical metaphysics was congenial to the historical and inductive tastes of this author. The series of which the "Natural History of Enthusiasm" was the first instalment is a piece of work in the study of mind, but it is mind related to and influenced by the facts of its external physical history. And when its author tries to follow mind as it passes beyond this earthly scene of facts, natural and supernatural, it is human nature, somehow embodied and somehow connected with the physical system, that he is still pursuing. For philosophy, as something in its very conception to be distinguished from mere science, concrete and physical, he had little appreciation; in metaphysics, as distinguished from this mental physics, he could see nothing beyond the adjustment of a dozen abstract phrases.

In this connection it is not to be forgotten that this recluse literary life at Stanford

Rivers was, some thirty years ago, all but exchanged for one which would have demanded an exclusive professional attention to questions of mental philosophy. In 1836 the chair of Logic and Metaphysics, in the University of Edinburgh, became vacant, and the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm" was induced to drop the vizor which had so long concealed him from a curious public, — as a candidate for this department of the public service of philosophy. Sir William Hamilton, the greatest living master of the philosophical literature of the world, the acutest reasoner about the "dozen abstract phrases" who had been in this age drawn to a recognition of their import and significance, was met by a rival whose acquaintance with that literature was comparatively scanty, who put small value on the "dozen abstract phrases," whose studies of human nature were all directed to its actions and transactions in its embodied manifestations, who esteemed Bacon more than Aristotle, but who could not touch any subject without shedding on it the distinctly marked colours of his own capacious imagination, or investing it with the rich "glow of humanity." Hamilton ascended the Edinburgh chair to expound and guide the now dominant philosophical movement of Europe. His English rival returned from "the gray metropolis" to the employment, more congenial to him — amidst the simple country life in which he guided the education of his own children — of watching the phenomena in the ecclesiastical heavens, or anticipating in thought his own future spiritual embodiment in a purer and more exalted heaven.

"Home Education" is a charming fragment, redolent of its author's own heart and rural home. It stands among the books which best express the inner meaning of his life. The sadness with which his search into the story of the "great Family of the Church" tinged his mind, the doubt and darkness, which no "theory," however ingenious, and however associated with observed physical facts, can remove from that future which Death veils, is dissipated on the pages which describe the loving father's contrivances for enlarging the capacities and the intellectual stores of the group under training in a domestic atmosphere of daily happiness — "in the insulated country-house, with its internal comfort and frugal elegance, its garden of sweet, gay, perennial enjoyments, and its verdant, silent vicinage of arable and pasture, of woodland and riverside meadow." The spot of this material world on which Isaac Taylor's literary life was

passed is, alike in itself and in its previous associations, in true harmony with his life. The fragrance of the rural nature which he loved, the stillness of the leafy lanes of Essex in which he daily studied, is diffused through his writings. His old insulated country-house, in its old-fashioned garden, with the sluggish stream winding through the valley behind, has become one of the places, now so numerous in rural England, that are associated with those who, with devout hearts, simple tastes, and a love for nature, have helped to improve mankind by the high exercises of reason and imagination. Those who look with affectionate recollection to Bemerton, or Olney, or Rydal, or Herstmonceux, and Pevensey Level, will not now forget Stanford Rivers and the vale of Ongar. Less than twenty miles east of London, in the triangle of which the sides are formed by the Cambridge railway which passes Harlow, and by the Colchester line which passes Romford, the woodland and meadow of the green undulating expanse of England which lies between maintained its seclusion in all the past years of this century, undisturbed by the sounds of traffic or locomotion — a corner reserved for meditative quiet near the great metropolis, protected from its sights and sounds by the remains of the ancient forest of Hainault and the

glades of Epping in the intervening distance. It has more than one association with those devoted to the world of mind. On the northern part of this green undulating country, John Locke spent the last four years of his life, in the now ruined manor-house of Oates, the guest of the good Lady Masham, attracted to this part of Essex by the relief which its air never failed to afford to the ailments of his old age. The great English philosopher of the seventeenth century and the sensitive religious contemplative of the nineteenth were thus lodged on neighbouring parts of the same rural expanse. Within an easy morning walk, the mortal remains of the one now rest at High Laver, and of the other at his own Stanford Rivers. Widely different in many of their qualities and sympathies, the father of English philosophy and this last departed member of his variously-featured family were both nurtured in the vigorous but hard soil of English Puritanism, and both at last, as life advanced, while preserving community with all who inherit the charity of the Gospel, by whatever name they are called, found the religious home most congenial to their hearts in the venerable service of the English ritual, and the freedom which they loved within the broad shadow of the Church of Hooker and Cudworth.

THE WAY THEY MAKE BUTTER IN FRANCE. — It is well known that cream may be converted into butter by simply being buried in the ground, but it is not generally known that this mode is in common use in Normandy and some other parts of France. The process is as follows: "The cream is placed in a linen bag of moderate thickness, which is carefully secured and placed in a hole in the ground, about a foot and a half deep; it is then covered and left for 24 or 25 hours. When taken out, the cream is very hard, and only requires beating for a short time with a wooden mallet, after which half a glass of water is thrown upon it,

which causes the butter-milk to separate from the butter. If the quantity of cream to be converted into butter is large, it is left more than 25 hours in the ground. In winter, when the ground is frozen, the operation is performed in a cellar, the bag being well covered up with sand. Some persons place the bag containing the cream within a second bag, in order to prevent the chance of any taint from the earth. This system saves labor, and is stated to produce a larger amount of butter than churning, and of excellent quality, and is, moreover, said never to fail. — *Journal Society of Arts*.

CHAPTER XVII.

AYLMER PARK.

AYLMER PARK and the great house of the Aylmers together formed an important, and, as regarded some minds, an imposing country residence. The park was large, including some three or four hundred acres, and was peopled, rather thinly, by aristocratic deer. It was surrounded by an aristocratic paling, and was entered, at three different points, by aristocratic lodges. The sheep were more numerous than the deer, because Sir Anthony, though he had a large income, was not in very easy circumstances. The ground was quite flat; and though there were thin belts of trees, and some ornamental timber here and there, it was not well wooded. It had no special beauty of its own, and depended for its imposing qualities chiefly on its size, on its three sets of double lodges, and on its old-established character as an important family place in the county. The house was of stone, with a portico of Ionic columns which looked as though it hardly belonged of right to the edifice, and stretched itself out grandly, with two pretentious wings, which certainly gave it a just claim to be called a mansion. It required a great many servants to keep it in order, and the numerous servants required an experienced duenna, almost as grand in appearance as Lady Aylmer herself, to keep them in order. There was an open carriage and a close carriage, and a butler and two footmen and three gamekeepers and four gardeners, and there was a coachman and there were grooms, and sundry inferior men and boys about the place to do the work which the gardeners and gamekeepers and grooms did not choose to do themselves. And they all became fat, and lazy, and stupid, and respectable together; so that, as the reader will at once perceive, Aylmer Park was kept up in the proper English style. Sir Anthony very often discussed with his steward the propriety of lessening the expenditure of his residence, and Lady Aylmer always attended and probably directed these discussions; but it was found that nothing could be done. Any attempt to remove a gamekeeper or a gardener would evidently throw the whole machinery of Aylmer Park out of gear. If retrenchment was necessary Aylmer Park must be abandoned, and the glory of the Aylmers must be allowed to pale. But things were not so bad as that with Sir Anthony. The gardeners, grooms, and gamekeepers were maintained; ten domestic servants sat down to four heavy

meals in the servants' hall every day, and Lady Aylmer contented herself with receiving little or no company, and with stingy breakfasts and bad dinners for herself and her husband and daughter. By all this it must be seen that she did her duty as the wife of an English country gentleman, and properly maintained his rank as a baronet.

He was a heavy man, over seventy years of age, much afflicted with gout, and given to no pursuit on earth which was now available for his comfort. He had been a hunting man, and he had shot also; but not with that energy which induces a sportsman to carry on those amusements in opposition to the impediments of age. He had been, and still was, a county magistrate; but he had never been very successful in the justice-room, and now seldom troubled the county with his judicial incompetence. He had been fond of good dinners and good wine, and still, on occasions, would make attempts at enjoyment in that line; but the gout and Lady Aylmer together were too many for him, and he had but small opportunity for filling up the blanks of his existence out of the kitchen or cellar. He was a big man, with a broad chest, and a red face, and a quantity of white hair,—and was much given to abusing his servants. He took some pleasure in standing with two sticks on the top of the steps before his own front door, and railing at any one who came in his way. But he could not do this when Lady Aylmer was by; and his dependents, knowing his habits, had fallen into an ill-natured way of deserting the side of the house which he frequented. With his eldest son, Anthony Aylmer, he was not on very good terms; and though there was no positive quarrel, the heir did not often come to Aylmer Park. Of his son Frederic he was proud,—and the best days of his life were probably those which Captain Aylmer spent at the house. The table was then somewhat more generously spread, and this was an excuse for having up the special port in which he delighted. Altogether his life was not very attractive; and though he had been born to a baronetcy, and eight thousand a-year, and the possession of Aylmer Park, I do not think that he was, or had been, a happy man.

Lady Aylmer was more fortunate. She had occupations of which her husband knew nothing, and for which he was altogether unfit. Though she could not succeed in making retrenchments, she could and did succeed in keeping the household books. Sir Anthony could only blow up the servants when they were thoughtless enough

to come in his way, and in doing that was restricted by his wife's presence. But Lady Aylmer could get at them day and night. She had no gout to impede her progress about the house and grounds, and could make her way to places which the master never saw; and then she wrote many letters daily, whereas Sir Anthony hardly ever took a pen in his hand. And she knew the cottages of all the poor about the place, and knew also all their sins of omission and commission. She was driven out, too, every day, summer and winter, wet and dry, and consumed enormous packets of wool and worsted, which were sent to her monthly from York. And she had a companion in her daughter, whereas Sir Anthony had no companion. Wherever Lady Aylmer went Miss Aylmer went with her, and relieved what might otherwise have been the tedium of her life. She had been a beauty on a large scale, and was still aware that she had much in her personal appearance which justified pride. She carried herself uprightly, with a commanding nose and broad forehead; and though the graces of her own hair had given way to a front, there was something even in the front which added to her dignity, if it did not make her a handsome woman.

Miss Aylmer, who was the eldest of the younger generation, and who was now gently descending from her fortieth year, lacked the strength of her mother's character, but admired her mother's ways, and followed Lady Aylmer in all things,—at a distance. She was very good,—as indeed was Lady Aylmer,—entertaining a high idea of duty, and aware that her own life admitted but of little self-indulgence. She had no pleasures, she incurred no expenses; and was quite alive to the fact that as Aylmer Park required a regiment of lazy, gormandizing servants to maintain its position in the county, the Aylmers themselves should not be lazy, and should not gormandise. No one was more careful with her few shillings than Miss Aylmer. She had, indeed, abandoned a life's correspondence with an old friend because she would not pay the postage on letters to Italy. She knew that it was for the honour of the family that one of her brothers should sit in Parliament, and was quite willing to deny herself a new dress because sacrifices must be made to lessen electing expenses. She knew that it was her lot to be driven about slowly in a carriage with a livery servant before her and another behind her, and then eat a dinner which the cook-maid would despise. She was aware that it was

her duty to be snubbed by her mother, and to encounter her father's ill-temper, and to submit to her brother's indifference, and to have, so to say, the slightest possible modicum of personal individuality. She knew that she had never attracted a man's love, and might hardly hope to make friends for the comfort of her coming age. But still she was contented, and felt that she had consolation for it all in the fact that she was an Aylmer. She read many novels, and it cannot but be supposed that something of regret would steal over her as she remembered that nothing of the romance of life had ever, or could ever, come in her way. She wept over the loves of many women, though she had never been happy or unhappy in her own. She read of gayety, though she never encountered it, and must have known that the world elsewhere was less dull than it was at Aylmer Park. But she took her life as it came without a complaint, and prayed that God would make her humble in the high position to which it had pleased Him to call her. She hated Radicals, and thought that Essays and Reviews, and Bishop Colenso, came direct from the Evil One. She taught the little children in the parish, being specially urgent to them always to courtesy when they saw any of the family;—and was as ignorant, meek, and stupid a poor woman as you shall find anywhere in Europe.

It may be imagined that Captain Aylmer, who knew the comforts of his club and was accustomed to life in London, would feel the dulness of the paternal roof to be almost unendurable. In truth, he was not very fond of Aylmer Park, but he was more gifted with patience than most men of his age and position, and was aware that it behoved him to keep the Fifth Commandment if he expected to have his own days prolonged in the land. He therefore made his visits periodically, and contented himself with clipping a few days at both ends from the length prescribed by family tradition, which his mother was desirous of exacting. September was always to be passed at Aylmer Park because of the shooting. In September, indeed, the eldest son himself was wont to be there,—probably with a friend or two,—and the fat old servants bestirred themselves, and there was something of life about the place. At Christmas, Captain Aylmer was there as the only visitor, and Christmas was supposed to extend from the middle of December to the opening of Parliament. It must, however, be explained, that on the present occasion his visit had been a matter of treaty and compromise.

He had not gone to Aylmer Park at all till his mother had in some sort assented to his marriage with Clara Amedroz. To this Lady Aylmer had been very averse, and there had been many serious letters. Belinda Aylmer, the daughter of the house, had had a bad time in pleading her brother's cause,—and some very harsh words had been uttered;—but ultimately the matter had been arranged, and, as is usual in such contests, the mother had yielded to the son. Captain Aylmer had therefore gone down a few days before Christmas with a righteous feeling that he owed much to his mother for her condescension, and almost prepared to make himself very disagreeable to Clara by way of atoning to his family for his folly in desiring to marry her.

Lady Aylmer was very plain-spoken on the subject of all Clara's shortcomings,—very plain-spoken, and very inquisitive. "She will never have one shilling, I suppose?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am." Captain Aylmer always called his mother ma'am. "She will have that fifteen hundred pounds that I told you of?"

"That is to say, you will have back the money which you yourself have given her, Fred. I suppose that is the English of it." Then Lady Aylmer raised her eyebrows and looked very wise.

"Just so, ma'am."

"You can't call that having anything of her own. In point of fact, she is penniless."

"It is no good harping on that," said Captain Aylmer, somewhat sharply.

"Not in the least, my dear; no good at all. Of course you have looked it all in the face. You will be a poor man instead of a rich man, but you will have enough to live on,—that is, if she doesn't have a large family;—which of course she will."

"I shall do very well, ma'am."

"You might do pretty well, I dare say, if you could live privately,—at Perivale, keeping up the old family house there, and having no expenses; but you'll find even that close enough with your seat in Parliament, and the necessity there is that you should be half the year in London. Of course, she won't go to London. She can't expect it. All that had better be made quite clear at once." Hence had come the letter about the house at Perivale, containing Lady Aylmer's advice on that subject, as to which Clara had made no reply.

Lady Aylmer, though she had given in her assent, was still not altogether without hope. It might be possible that the two young people could be brought to see the

folly and error of their ways before it would be too late; and that Lady Aylmer, by a judicious course of constant advice, might be instrumental in opening the eyes, if not of the lady, at any rate of the gentleman. She had great reliance on her own powers, and knew well that a falling drop will hollow a stone. Her son manifested no hot eagerness to complete his folly in a hurry, and to cut the throat of his prospects out of hand. Time, therefore, would be allowed to her, and she was a woman who could use time with patience. Having, through her son, despatched her advice about the house at Perivale,—which simply amounted to this, that Clara should expressly state her willingness to live there alone whenever it might suit her husband to be in London or elsewhere,—she went to work on other points connected with the Amedroz family, and eventually succeeded in learning something very much like the truth as to poor Mrs. Askerton and her troubles. At first she was so comfortably horror-stricken by the iniquity she had unravelled,—so delightfully shocked and astounded,—as to believe that the facts as they then stood would suffice to annul the match.

"You don't tell me," she said to Belinda, "that Frederic's wife will have been the friend of such a woman as that!" and Lady Aylmer, sitting upstairs with her household books before her, put up her great fat hands and her great fat arms, and shook her head,—front and all,—in most satisfactory dismay.

"But I suppose Clara did not know it." Belinda had considered it to be an act of charity to call Miss Amedroz Clara since the family consent had been given.

"Didn't know it! They have been living in that sort of way that they must have been confidantes in everything. Besides, I always hold that a woman is responsible for her female friends."

"I think if she consents to drop her at once,—that is, absolutely to make a promise that she will never speak to her again,—Frederic ought to take that as sufficient. That is, of course, mamma, unless she has had anything to do with it herself."

"After this I don't know how I'm to trust her. I don't indeed. It seems to me that she has been so artful throughout. It has been a regular case of catching."

"I suppose, of course, that she has been anxious to marry Frederic;—but perhaps that was natural."

"Anxious;—look at her going there just when he had to meet his constituents. How young women can do such things

passes me! And how it is that men don't see it all when it's going on just under their noses I can't understand. And then her getting my poor, dear sister to speak to him when she was dying! I didn't think your aunt would have been so weak." It will be thus seen that there was entire confidence on this subject between Lady Aylmer and her daughter.

We know what were the steps taken with reference to the discovery, and how the family were waiting for Clara's reply. Lady Aylmer, though in her words she attributed so much mean cunning to Miss Amedroz, still was disposed to believe that that lady would show rather a high spirit on this occasion, and trusted to that high spirit as the means for making the breach which she still hoped to accomplish. It had been intended,—or rather desired,—that Captain Aylmer's letter should have been much sharper and authoritative than he had really made it; but the mother could not write the letter herself, and had felt that to write in her own name would not have served to create anger on Clara's part against her betrothed. But she had quite succeeded in inspiring her son with a feeling of horror against the iniquity of the Askertons. He was prepared to be indignantly moral; and perhaps,—perhaps,—the misguided Clara might be silly enough to say a word for her lost friend! Such being the present position of affairs there was certainly ground for hope.

And now they were all waiting for Clara's answer. Lady Aylmer had well calculated the course of post, and knew that a letter might reach them by Wednesday morning. "Of course she will not write on Sunday," she had said to her son, "but you have a right to expect that not another day should go by." Captain Aylmer, who felt that they were putting Clara on her trial, shook his head impatiently, and made no immediate answer. Lady Aylmer, triumphantly feeling that she had the culprit on the hip, did not care to notice this. She was doing the best she could for his happiness,—as she had done for his health, when in days gone by she had administered to him his infantile rhubarb and early senna; but as she had never then expected him to like her doses, neither did she now expect that he should be well pleased at the remedial measures to which he was to be subjected.

No letter came on the Wednesday, nor did any come on the Thursday, and then it was thought by the ladies at the Park that the time had come for speaking a word or two.

Belinda, at her mother's instance, began the attack,—not in her mother's presence, but when she only was with her brother.

"Isn't it odd, Frederic, that Clara shouldn't write about those people at Belton?"

"Somersetshire is the other side of London, and letters take a long time."

"But if she had written on Monday, her answer would have been here on Wednesday morning;—indeed, you would have had it Tuesday evening, as mamma sent over to Whitby for the day mail letters." Poor Belinda was a bad lieutenant, and displayed too much of her senior officer's tactics in thus showing how much calculation, and how much solicitude there had been as to the expected letter.

"If I am contented I suppose you may be," said the brother.

"But it does seem to me to be so very important! If she hasn't got your letter, you know, it would be so necessary that you should write again, so that the—the contamination should be stopped as soon as possible." Captain Aylmer shook his head and walked away. He was, no doubt, prepared to be morally indignant,—morally very indignant,—at the Askerton iniquity; but he did not like the word contamination as applied to his future wife.

"Frederic," said his mother, later on the same day,—when the hardly-used groom had returned from his futile afternoon's inquiry at the neighbouring post town,—"I think you should do something in this affair."

"Do what, ma'am? Go off to Belton myself?"

"No, no. I certainly would not do that. In the first place it would be very inconvenient to you, and in the next place it would not be fair upon us. I did not mean that at all. But I think that something should be done. She should be made to understand."

"You may be sure, ma'am, that she understands as well as anybody."

"I dare say she is clever enough at these kind of things."

"What kind of things?"

"Don't bite my nose off, Frederic, because I am anxious about your wife."

"What is it that you wish me to do? I have written to her and can only wait for her answer."

"It may be that she feels a delicacy in writing to you on such a subject; though I own—However, to make a long story short, if you like, I will write to her myself."

"I don't see that that would do any good. It would only give her offence."

"Give her offence, Frederic, to receive a letter from her future mother-in-law;—from me! Only think, Frederic, what you are saying."

"If she thought she was being bullied about this, she would turn rusty at once."

"Turn rusty! What am I to think of a young lady who is prepared to turn rusty,—at once, too, because she is cautioned by the mother of the man she professes to love against an improper acquaintance,—against an acquaintance so very improper?" Lady Aylmer's eloquence should have been heard to be appreciated. It is but tame to say that she raised her fat arms and fat hands, and wagged her front,—her front that was the more formidable as it was the old one, somewhat rough and dishevelled, which she was wont to wear in the morning. The emphasis of her words should have been heard, and the fitting solemnity of her action should have been seen. "If there were any doubt," she continued to say,— "but there is no doubt. There are the damning proofs." There are certain words usually confined to the vocabularies of men, which women such as Lady Aylmer delight to use on special occasions, when strong circumstances demand strong language. As she said this she put her hand below the table, pressing it apparently against her own august person; but she was in truth indicating the position of a certain valuable correspondence which was locked up in the drawer of her writing-table.

"You can write if you like it, of course; but I think you ought to wait a few more days."

"Very well, Frederic; then I will wait. I will wait till Sunday. I do not wish to take any step of which you do not approve. If you have not heard by Sunday morning, then I will write to her—on Monday."

On the Saturday afternoon life was becoming inexpressibly disagreeable to Captain Aylmer, and he began to meditate an escape from the Park. In spite of the agreement between him and his mother, which he understood to signify that nothing more was to be said as to Clara's wickedness, at any rate till Sunday after post-hour, Lady Aylmer had twice attacked him on the Saturday, and had expressed her opinion that affairs were in a very frightful position. Belinda went about the house in melancholy guise, with her eyes rarely lifted off the ground, as though she were prophetically weeping the utter ruin of her

brother's respectability. And even Sir Anthony had raised his eyes and shaken his head when on opening the post-bag at the breakfast-table,—an operation which was always performed by Lady Aylmer in person,—her ladyship had exclaimed, "Again no letter!" Then Captain Aylmer thought that he would fly, and resolved that in the event of such flight, he would give special orders as to the re-direction of his own letters from the post-office at Whitby.

That evening, after dinner, as soon as his mother and sister had left the room, he began the subject with his father. "I think I shall go up to town on Monday, sir," said he.

"So soon as that? I thought you were to stop till the 9th."

"There are things I must see to in London, and I believe I had better go at once."

"Your mother will be greatly disappointed."

"I shall be sorry for that;—but business is business, you know." Then the father filled his glass, and passed the bottle. He himself did not at all like the idea of his son's going before the appointed time, but he did not say a word of himself. He looked at the red-hot coals, and a hazy glimmer of a thought passed through his mind, that he too would escape from Aylmer Park,—if it were possible.

"If you'll allow me, I'll take the dog-cart over to Whitby on Monday, for the express train."

"You can do that certainly, but"—

"Sir?"

"Have you spoken to your mother yet?"

"Not yet. I will to-night."

"I think she'll be a little angry, Fred."

There was a sudden tone of subdued confidence in the old man's voice as he made this suggestion, which, though it was by no means a customary tone, his son well understood. "Don't you think she will be;—eh, a little?"

"She shouldn't go on as she does with me about Clara," said the Captain.

"Ah,—I supposed there was something of that. Are you drinking port?"

"Of course I know that she means all that is good," said the son, passing back the bottle.

"Oh yes;—she means all that is good."

"She is the best mother in the world."

"You may say that, Fred;—and the best wife."

"But if she can't have her own way altogether"—Then the son paused, and the father shook his head.

"Of course she likes to have her own way," said Sir Anthony.

"It's all very well in some things."

"Yes;—it's very well in some things."

"But there are things which a man must decide for himself."

"I suppose there are," said Sir Anthony, not venturing to think what those things might be as regarded himself.

"Now with reference to marrying"—

"I don't know what you want with marrying at all, Fred. You ought to be very happy as you are. By heavens, I don't know any one who ought to be happier. If I were you, I know"—

"But you see, sir, that's all settled."

"If it's all settled, I suppose there's an end of it."

"It's no good my mother nagging at one."

"My dear boy, she's been nagging at me, as you call it, for forty years. That's her way. The best woman in the world, as we were saying;—but that's her way. And it's the way with most of them. They can do anything if they keep it up;—anything. The best thing is to bear it if you've got it to bear. But why on earth you should go and marry, seeing that you're not the eldest son, and that you've got everything on earth that you want as a bachelor, I can't understand. I can't indeed, Fred. By heaven, I can't!" Then Sir Anthony gave a long sigh, and sat musing awhile, thinking of the club in London to which he belonged, but which he never entered;—of the old days in which he had been master of a bedroom near St. James's Street,—of his old friends whom he never saw now, and of whom he never heard except as one and another, year after year, shuffled away from their wives to that world in which there is no marrying or giving in marriage. "Ah, well," he said, "I suppose we may as well go into the drawing-room. If it is settled, I suppose it is settled. But it really seems to me that your mother is trying to do the best she can for you. It really does."

Captain Aylmer did not say anything to his mother that night as to his going, but as he thought of his prospects in the solitude of his bedroom, he felt really grateful to his father for the solicitude which Sir Anthony had displayed on his behalf. It was not often that he received paternal counsel, but now that it had come he acknowledged its value. That Clara Amedroz was a self-willed woman he thought that he was aware. She was self-reliant, at any rate,—and by no means ready to succumb with that pretty feminine docility which he would like to have seen her evince. He certainly would

not wish to be "nagged" by his wife. Indeed he knew himself well enough to assure himself that he would not stand it for a day. In his own house he would be master, and if there came tempests he would rule them. He could at least promise himself that. As his mother had been strong, so had his father been weak. But he had— as he felt thankful in knowing,—inherited his mother's strength rather than his father's weakness. But, for all that, why have a tempest to rule at all? Even though a man do rule his domestic tempests, he cannot have a very quiet house with them. Then again he remembered how very easily Clara had been won. He wished to be just to all men and women, and to Clara among the number. He desired even to be generous to her,—with a moderate generosity. But above all things he desired not to be duped. What if Clara had in truth instigated her aunt to that deathbed scene, as his mother had more than once suggested! He did not believe it. He was sure that it had not been so. But what if it were so? His desire to be generous and trusting was moderate;—but his desire not to be cheated, not to be deceived, was immoderate. Upon the whole, might it not be well for him to wait a little longer, and ascertain how Clara really intended to behave herself in this emergency of the Askertons? Perhaps, after all, his mother might be right.

On the Sunday the expected letter came;—but before its contents are made known, it will be well that we should go back to Belton, and see what was done by Clara in reference to the tidings which her lover had sent her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MRS. ASKERTON'S STORY.

WHEN Clara received the letter from Captain Aylmer on which so much is supposed to hang, she made up her mind to say nothing of it to any one,—not to think of it if she could avoid thinking of it,—till her cousin should have left her. She could not mention it to him; for, though there was no one from whom she would sooner have asked advice than from him, even on so delicate a matter as this, she could not do so in the present case, as her informant was her cousin's successful rival. When, therefore, Mrs. Askerton on leaving the church had spoken some customary word to Clara, begging her to come to the cottage on the following day, Clara had been unable to answer,—not having as yet made up her mind whether she would or would not go to

the cottage again. Of course the idea of consulting her father occurred to her,—or rather the idea of telling him; but any such telling would lead to some advice from him which she would find it difficult to obey, and to which she would be unable to trust. And, moreover, why should she repeat this evil story against her neighbours?

She had a long morning by herself after Will had started, and then she endeavoured to arrange her thoughts and lay down for herself a line of conduct. Presuming this story to be true, to what did it amount? It certainly amounted to very much. If, in truth, this woman had left her own husband and gone away to live with another man, she had by doing so,—at any rate while she was doing so, fallen in such a way as to make herself unfit for the society of an unmarried young woman who meant to keep her name unblemished before the world. Clara would not attempt any further unravelling of the case, even in her own mind;—but on that point she could not allow herself to have a doubt. Without condemning the unhappy victim, she understood well that she would owe it to all those who held her dear, if not to herself, to eschew any close intimacy with one in such a position. The rules of the world were too plainly written to allow her to guide herself by any special judgment of her own in such a matter. But if this friend of hers,—having been thus unfortunate,—had since redeemed, or in part redeemed, her position by a second marriage, would it be then imperative upon her to remember the past for ever, and to declare that the stain was indelible? Clara felt that with a previous knowledge of such a story she would probably have avoided any intimacy with Mrs. Askerton. She would then have been justified in choosing whether such intimacy should or should not exist, and would so have chosen out of deference to the world's opinion. But now it was too late for that. Mrs. Askerton had for years been her friend; and Clara had to ask herself *this* question: was it now needful,—did her own feminine purity demand,—that she should throw her friend over because in past years her life had been tainted by misconduct?

It was clear enough at any rate that this was expected from her,—nay, imperatively demanded, by him who was to be her lord,—by him to whom her future obedience would be due. Whatever might be her immediate decision, he would have a right to call upon her to be guided by his judgment as soon as she would become his wife. And indeed, she felt that he had such right now,—un-

less she should decide that no such right should be his, now or ever. It was still within her power to say that she could not submit herself to such a rule as his,—but having received his commands she must do that or obey them. Then she declared to herself, not following the matter out logically, but urged to her decision by sudden impulse, that at any rate she would not obey Lady Aylmer. She would have nothing to do, in any such matter, with Lady Aylmer. Lady Aylmer should be no god to her. That question about the house at Perivale had been very painful to her. She felt that she could have endured the dreary solitude of Perivale without complaint, if, after her marriage, her husband's circumstances had made such a mode of living expedient. But to have been asked to pledge her consent to such a life before her marriage, to feel that he was bargaining for the privilege of being rid of her, to know that the Aylmer people were arranging that he, if he would marry her, should be as little troubled with his wife as possible;—all this had been very grievous to her. She had tried to console herself by the conviction that Lady Aylmer,—not Frederic,—had been the sinner; but even in that consolation there had been the terrible flaw that the words had come to her written by Frederic's hand. Could Will Belton have written such a letter to his future wife?

In her present emergency she must be guided by her own judgment or her own instincts,—not by any edicts from Aylmer Park! If in what she might do she should encounter the condemnation of Captain Aylmer, she would answer him,—she would be driven to answer him,—by counter condemnation of him and his mother. Let it be so. Anything would be better than a mean, truckling subservience to the imperious mistress of Aylmer Park.

But what should she do as regarded Mrs. Askerton? That the story was true she was beginning to believe. That there was some such history was made certain to her by the promise which Mrs. Askerton had given her. "If you want to ask any questions, and will ask them of me, I will answer them." Such a promise would not have been volunteered, unless there was something special to be told. It would be best, perhaps, to demand from Mrs. Askerton the fulfilment of this promise. But then in doing so she must own from whence her information had come. Mrs. Askerton had told her that the "communication" would be made by her cousin Will. Her cousin Will had gone away without a word of Mrs. Askerton, and

now the "communication" had come from Captain Aylmer!

The Monday and Tuesday were rainy days, and the rain was some excuse for her not going to the cottage. On the Wednesday her father was ill, and his illness made a further excuse for her remaining at home. But on the Wednesday evening there came a note to her from Mrs. Askerton. "You naughty girl, why do you not come to me? Colonel Askerton has been away since yesterday morning, and I am forgetting the sound of my own voice. I did not trouble you when your divine cousin was here, — for reasons; but unless you come to me now I shall think that his divinity has prevailed. Colonel Askerton is in Ireland, about some property, and will not be back till next week."

Clara sent back a promise by the messenger, and on the following morning she put on her hat and shawl, and started on her dreaded task. When she left the house she had not even yet quite made up her mind what she would do. At first she put her lover's letter into her pocket, so that she might have it for reference; but, on second thoughts, she replaced it in her desk, dreading lest she might be persuaded into showing or reading some part of it. There had come a sharp frost after the rain, and the ground was hard and dry. In order that she might gain some further last moments for thinking, she walked round, up among the rocks, instead of going straight to the cottage; and for a moment, — though the air was sharp with frost, — she sat upon the stone where she had been seated when her cousin Will blurted out the misfortune of his heart. She sat there on purpose that she might think of him, and recall his figure, and the tones of his voice, and the look of his eyes, and the gesture of his face. What a man he was; — so tender, yet so strong; so thoughtful of others, and yet so self-sufficient! She had, unconsciously, imputed to him one fault, that he had loved and then forgotten his love; — unconsciously, for she had tried to think that this was a virtue rather than a fault; — but now, — with a full knowledge of what she was doing, but without any intention of doing it, — she acquitted him of that one fault. Now that she could acquit him, she owned that it would be a fault. To have loved, and so soon to have forgotten it! No; he had loved her truly, and alas! he was one who could not be made to forget it. Then she went on to the cottage, exercising her thoughts rather on the contrast between the two men, than on the subject to which she should have applied them.

"So you have come at last," said Mrs. Askerton. "Till I got your message I thought there was to be some dreadful misfortune."

"What misfortune?"

"Something dreadful! One often anticipates something very bad without exactly knowing what. At least, I do. I am always expecting a catastrophe; — when I am alone that is; — and then I am so often alone."

"That simply means low spirits, I suppose."

"It's more than that, my dear."

"Not much more, I take it."

"Once when we were in India we lived close to the powder magazine, and we were always expecting to be blown up. You never lived near a powder magazine."

"No, never; — unless there's one at Belton. But I should have thought that was exciting."

"And then there was the gentleman who always had the sword hanging over him by the horse's hair."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Askerton?"

"Don't look so innocent, Clara. You know what I mean. What were the results at last of your cousin's diligence as a detective officer?"

"Mrs. Askerton, you wrong my cousin greatly. He never once mentioned your name while he was with us. He did not make a single allusion to you, or to Colonel Askerton, or to the cottage."

"He did not?"

"Never once."

"Then I beg his pardon. But not the less has he been busy making inquiries."

"But why should you say that there is a powder magazine, or a sword hanging over your head?"

"Ah, why?"

Here was the subject ready opened to her hand, and yet Clara did not know how to go on with it. It seemed to her now that it would have been easier for her to commence it, if Mrs. Askerton had made no commencement herself. As it was, she knew not how to introduce the subject of Captain Aylmer's letter, and was almost inclined to wait, thinking that Mrs. Askerton might tell her own story without any such introduction. But nothing of the kind was forthcoming. Mrs. Askerton began to talk of the frost, and then went on to abuse Ireland, complaining of the hardship her husband endured in being forced to go thither in winter to look after his tenants.

"What did you mean," said Clara, at last, "by the sword hanging over your head?"

"I think I told you what I meant pretty plainly. If you did not understand me, I cannot tell you more plainly."

"It is odd that you should say so much, and not wish to say more."

"Ah;—you are making your inquiries now."

"In my place, would not you do so too? How can I help it when you talk of a sword. Of course you make me ask what the sword is."

"And am I bound to satisfy your curiosity?"

"You told me just before my cousin came here, that if I asked any question you would answer me."

"And I am to understand that you are asking such a question now?"

"Yes;—if it will not offend you."

"But what if it will offend me, — offend me greatly? Who likes to be inquired into?"

"But you courted such inquiry from me."

"No, Clara, I did not do that. I'll tell you what I did. I gave you to understand that if it was needful that you should hear about me and my antecedents, certain matters as to which Mr. Belton had been inquiring in a manner that I thought to be most unjustifiable, I would tell you that story."

"And do so without being angry with me for asking."

"I meant, of course, that I would not make it a ground for quarrelling with you. If I wished to tell you I could do so without any inquiry."

"I have sometimes thought that you did wish to tell me."

"Sometimes I have, — almost."

"But you have no such wish now."

"Can't you understand? It may well be that one so much alone as I am, — living here without a female friend, or even acquaintance, except yourself, — should often feel a longing for that comfort which full confidence between us would give me."

"Then why not?"

"Stop a moment. Can't you understand that I may feel this, and yet entertain the greatest horror against inquiry? We all like to tell our own sorrows, but who likes to be inquired into? Many a woman burns to make a full confession, who would be as mute as death before a policeman."

"I am no policeman."

"But you are determined to ask a policeman's questions?"

To this Clara made no immediate reply.

She felt that she was acting almost falsely in going on with such questions, while she was in fact aware of all the circumstances which Mrs. Askerton could tell; — but she did not know how to declare her knowledge and to explain it. She sincerely wished that Mrs. Askerton should be made acquainted with the truth; but she had fallen into a line of conversation which did not make her own task easy. But the idea of her own hypocrisy was distressing to her, and she rushed at the difficulty with hurried, eager words, resolving that, at any rate, there should be no longer any doubt between them.

"Mrs. Askerton," she said, "I know it all. There is nothing for you to tell. I know what the sword is."

"What is it that you know?"

"That you were married long ago to — Mr. Berdmore."

"Then Mr. Belton did do me the honour of talking about me when he was here." As she said this she rose from her chair, and stood before Clara with flashing eyes.

"Not a word. He never mentioned your name, or the name of any one belonging to you. I have heard it from another."

"From what other?"

"I do not know that that signifies, — but I have learned it."

"Well; — and what next?"

"I do not know what next. As so much has been told me, and as you had said that I might ask you, I have come to you, yourself. I shall believe your own story, more thoroughly from yourself than from any other teller."

"And suppose I refuse to answer you?"

"Then I can say nothing further."

"And what will you do?"

"Ah; — that I do not know. But you are harsh to me, while I am longing to be kind to you. Can you not see that this has been all forced upon me, — partly by yourself?"

"And the other part; — who has forced that upon you? Who is your informant? If you mean to be generous, be generous altogether. Is it a man or a woman that has taken the trouble to rip up old sorrows that my name may be blackened? But what matters? There; I was married to Captain Berdmore. I left him, and went away with my present husband. For three years I was a man's mistress, and not his wife. When that poor creature died we were married, and then came here. Now you know it all; — all; — all, — though doubtless your informant has made a better

story of it. After that perhaps I have been very wicked to sully the air you breathe by my presence."

"Why do you say that,—to me?"

"But no;—you do not know it all. No one can ever know it all. No one can ever know how I suffered before I was driven to escape, or how good to me has been he who—who—who?"—Then she turned her back upon Clara, and walking off to the window, stood there, hiding the tears which clouded her eyes, and concealing the sobs which choked her utterance.

For some moments,—for a space which seemed long to both of them, Clara kept her seat in silence. She hardly dared to speak, and though she longed to show her sympathy, she knew not what to say. At last she too rose and followed the other to the window. She uttered no words, however, but gently putting her arm around Mrs. Askerton's waist, stood there close to her, looking out upon the cold wintry flower-beds,—not venturing to turn her eyes upon her companion. The motion of her arm was at first very gentle, but after a while she pressed it closer, and thus by degrees drew her friend to her with an eager, warm, and enduring pressure. Mrs. Askerton made some little effort towards repelling her, some faint motion of resistance; but as the embrace became warmer the poor woman yielded herself to it, and allowed her face to fall upon Clara's shoulder. So they stood, speaking no word, making no attempt to rid themselves of the tears which were blinding their eyes, but gazing out through the moisture on the bleak wintry scene before them. Clara's mind was the more active at the moment, for she was resolving that in this episode of her life she would accept no lesson whatever from Lady Aylmer's teaching;—no, nor any lesson whatever from the teaching of any Aylmer in existence. And as for the world's rules, she would fit herself to them as best she could; but no such fitting should drive her to the unwomanly cruelty of deserting this woman whom she had known and loved,—and whom she now loved with a fervour which she had never before felt towards her.

"You have heard it all now," said Mrs. Askerton at last.

"And is it not better so?"

"Ah;—I do not know. How should I know?"

"Do you not know?" And as she spoke Clara pressed her arm still closer. "Do you not know yet?" Then turning herself half round, she clasped the other woman full in her arms and kissed her fore-

head, and her lips. "Do you not know yet?"

"But you will go away, and people will tell you that you are wrong."

"What people?" said Clara, thinking as she spoke of the whole family at Aylmer Castle.

"Your husband will tell you so."

"I have no husband,—as yet,—to order me what to think or what not to think."

"No;—not quite as yet. But you will tell him all this."

"He knows it. It was he who told me."

"What:—Captain Aylmer."

"Yes; Captain Aylmer."

"And what did he say?"

"Never mind. Captain Aylmer is not my husband,—not as yet. If he takes me, he must take me as I am, not as he might possibly have wished me to be. Lady Aylmer"—

"And does Lady Aylmer know it?"

"Yes. Lady Aylmer is one of those hard, severe women who never forgive."

"Ah, I see it all now. I understand it all. Clara, you must forget me, and come here no more. You shall not be ruined because you are generous."

"Ruined! If Lady Aylmer's displeasure can ruin me, I must put up with ruin. I will not accept her for my guide. I am too old, and have had my own way too long. Do not let that thought trouble you. In this matter I shall judge for myself. I have judged for myself already."

"And your father?"

"Papa knows nothing of it."

"But you will tell him?"

"I do not know. Poor papa is very ill. If he were well I would tell him, and he would think as I do."

"And your cousin?"

"You say that he has heard it all."

"I think so. Do you know that I remembered him the first moment that I saw him? But what could I do? When you mentioned to me my old name, my real name, how could I be honest? I have been driven to do that which has made honesty to me impossible. My life has been a lie; and yet how could I help it? I must live somewhere,—and how could I live anywhere without deceit?"

"And yet that is so sad."

"Sad indeed! But what could I do? Of course I was wrong in the beginning. Though how am I to regret it, when it has given me such a husband as I have? Ah;—if you could know it all, I think,—I think you would forgive me."

Then by degrees she told it all, and Clara was there for hours listening to her story. The reader will not care to hear more of it than he has heard. Nor would Clara have desired any closer revelation; but as it is often difficult to obtain a confidence, so is it impossible to stop it in the midst of its effusion. Mrs. Askerton told the history of her life, — of her first foolish engagement, her belief, her half-belief in the man's reformation, of the miseries which resulted from his vices, of her escape and shame, of her welcome widowhood, and of her second marriage. And as she told it, she paused at every point to insist on the goodness of him who was now her husband. "I shall tell him this," she said at last, "as I do everything; and then he will know that I have in truth got a friend."

She asked again and again about Mr. Belton, but Clara could only tell her that she knew nothing of her cousin's knowledge. Will might have heard it all, but if so he had kept his information to himself.

"And now what shall you do?" Mrs. Askerton asked of Clara, at length prepared to go.

"Do? in what way? I shall do nothing."

"But you will write to Captain Aylmer?"

"Yes; — I shall write to him."

"And about this?"

"Yes; — I suppose I must write to him."

"And what will you say?"

"That I cannot tell. I wish I knew what to say. If it were to his mother I could write my letter easily enough."

"And what would you say to her?"

"I would tell her that I was responsible for my own friends. But I must go now. Papa will complain that I am so long away." Then there was another embrace, and at last Clara found her way out of the house and was alone again in the park,

She clearly acknowledged to herself that she had a great difficulty before her. She had committed herself altogether to Mrs. Askerton, and could no longer entertain any thought of obeying the very plainly expressed commands which Captain Aylmer had given her. The story as told by Captain Aylmer had been true throughout; but, in the teeth of that truth she intended to maintain her acquaintance with Mrs. Askerton. From that there was now no escape. She had been carried away by impulse in what she had done and said at the cottage; but she could not bring herself to regret it. She could not believe that it was her duty to throw over and abandon a wo-

man whom she loved, because that woman had once, in her dire extremity, fallen away from the path of virtue. But how was she to write that letter?

When she reached her father he complained of her absence and almost scolded her for having been so long at the cottage. "I cannot see," said he, "what you find in that woman to make so much of her."

"She is the only neighbour I have, papa."

"And better none than her, if all that people say of her is true."

"All that people say is never true, papa."

"There is no smoke without fire. I am not at all sure that it's good for you to be so much with her."

"Oh, papa, — don't treat me like a child."

"And I'm sure it's not good for me that you should be so much away. For anything I have seen of you all day you might have been at Perivale. But you are going soon, altogether, so I suppose. I may as well make up my mind to it."

"I'm not going for a long time yet, papa."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that there's nothing to take me away from here at present."

"You are engaged to be married."

"But it will be a long engagement. It is one of those engagements in which neither party is very anxious for an immediate change." There was something bitter in Clara's tone as she said this, which the old man perceived, but could only half understand. Clara remained with him then for the rest of the day, going downstairs for five minutes, to her dinner, and then returning to him and reading aloud while he dozed.

Her winter evenings at Belton Castle were not very bright, but she was used to them and made no complaint.

When she left her father for the night she got out her desk and prepared herself for her letter to her lover. She was determined that it should be finished that night before she went to bed. And it was so finished; though the writing of it gave her much labour, and occupied her till the late hours had come upon her. When completed it was as follows: —

"Belton Castle, Thursday Night.

"DEAR FREDERIC,—I received your letter last Sunday, but I could not answer it sooner, as it required much consideration, and also some information which I have only obtained to-day. About the plan of living at Perivale I will not say much now, as my mind is so full of other things. I think, however, I may promise that I will never make any needless difficulty as to

your plans. My cousin Will left us on Monday, so your mother need not have any further anxiety on that head. It does papa good to have him here, and for that reason I am sorry that he has gone. I can assure you that I don't think what you said about him meant anything at all particular. Will is my nearest cousin, and of course you would be glad that I should like him,—which I do, very much.

"And now about the other subject, which I own has distressed me, as you supposed it would;—I mean about Mrs. Askerton. I find it very difficult in your letter to divide what comes from your mother and what from yourself. Of course I want to make the division, as every word from you has great weight with me. At present I don't know Lady Aylmer personally, and I cannot think of her as I do of you. Indeed, were I to know her ever so well, I could not have the same deference for her that I have for the man who is to be my husband. I only say this, as I fear that Lady Aylmer and I may not perhaps agree about Mrs. Askerton.

"I find that your story about Mrs. Askerton is in the main true. But the person who told it to you does not seem to have known any of the provocations which she received. She was very badly treated by Captain Berdmore, who, I am afraid, was a terrible drunkard; and at last she found it impossible to stay with him. So she went away. I cannot tell you how horrid it all was, but I am sure that if I could make you understand it, it would go a long way in inducing you to excuse her. She was married to

Colonel Askerton as soon as Captain Berdmore died, and this took place before she came to Belton. I hope you will remember that. It all occurred out in India, and I really hardly know what business we have to inquire about it now.

"At any rate, as I have been acquainted with her a long time, and very intimately, and as I am sure that she has repented of anything that has been wrong, I do not think that I ought to quarrel with her now. Indeed I have promised her that I will not. I think I owe it to you to tell you the whole truth, and that is the truth.

"Pray give my regards to your mother, and tell her that I am sure she would judge differently if she were in my place. This poor woman has no other friend here; and who am I, that I should take upon myself to condemn her? I cannot do it. Dear Frederic, pray do not be angry with me for asserting my own will in this matter. I think you would wish me to have an opinion of my own. In my present position I am bound to have one, as I am, as yet, responsible for what I do myself. I shall be very, very sorry, if I find that you differ from me; but still I cannot be made to think that I am wrong. I wish you were here that we might talk it over together, as I think that in that case you would agree with me.

"If you can manage to come to us at Easter, or any other time when Parliament does not keep you in London, we shall be so delighted to see you.

"Dear Frederic,

"Yours very affectionately,
"CLARA AMEDROZ."

THE WIND AS A MUSICIAN.—The wind is a musician by birth. We extend a silken thread in the crevice of a window, and the wind finds it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and Paganini must go somewhere else for honor, for lo! the wind is performing upon a single string. It tries almost everything on earth to see if there is music in it—it persuades a tune out of the great bell in the tower, when the sexton is at home asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the giant pines, and it does not disdain to try what sort of a whistle can be made out of the humblest chimney in the world.

How it will play upon a tree until every leaf thrills with a note on it, whilst a river runs at its base in a sort of murmuring accompaniment! And what a melody it sings when it gives a concert with a full choir of the waves of the sea and performs an anthem between the two worlds, that goes up, perhaps, to the stars which love music most and sing it first. Then how fondly it haunts old houses; mourning under the eaves, singing in the halls, opening doors without fingers, and singing a measure of some sad old song around the fireless and deserted hearths.

From the North British Review.

The Works of Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie, Bart., D.C.L., Sergeant-Surgeon to the Queen, President of the Royal Society, &c. With an Autobiography. Collected and arranged by CHARLES HAWKINS, F.R.C.S. In three volumes. London: Longmans, 1865.

THE late Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie commenced the Hunterian Oration in 1837 by saying, "The annual oration which I have this day undertaken to deliver was founded by the late Sir Everard Home and Dr. Baillie, for the purpose of commemorating John Hunter, and other illustrious individuals who exist no longer among us, but who, while they did exist, contributed to advance the sciences, or otherwise to adorn the character of the surgical profession." He himself is now numbered with those of whom he then spoke; and has already taken a place among them second to none, John Hunter alone excepted. Nor will his reputation suffer much by comparison even with that rare man. If he had not Hunter's brilliant genius and profound originality, if his contributions towards the advancement of the sciences of Surgery were less pregnant and less revolutionary, it may at least be said that he did far more to adorn the character of the profession. In some respects his life and history are more worthy of study and "commemoration" than even Hunter's. Hunter was wholly an exceptional man; Brodie emphatically a representative man. He was a representative man, not in the often-used sense that he represented or embodied peculiar abstract views or theories, but in the sense that he might be taken without hesitation as the representative of the class to which he belonged. While he lived, he did on more than one occasion actually represent the profession to Government, and his name was continually used among us as the symbol of his calling. In works of fiction especially if any name was required to be called in to attend an imaginary patient, that of Brodie was always selected; particularly in case of the kind which he was never accustomed to treat. Now that he is dead, his character is still looked up to as realizing, with a near approach to perfection, both what the public would desire the profession to be, and what the profession would wish themselves to become. And the recent publication of his collected works, in which a most interesting but fragmentary autobiography is included, brings himself and his life vividly before us again.

BENJAMIN COLLINS BRODIE, the fourth of six children, was born in 1783, at Winterslow in Wiltsshire. His father, who was rector of the parish, seems to have been a man of considerable attainments and intellectual power. Unable to afford the expense of sending his children to the large public schools or the universities, and unwilling to trust them elsewhere, he determined to take upon himself the sole charge of their education. As a schoolmaster, he was a strict disciplinarian, and the studies of the young Brodies were constant and severe. With many minds a too early and unremitting application defeats its own object, but in the present instance it produced nothing but good. Sir Benjamin Brodie was wont to attribute his success in life very much to the habits of regular and arduous study in which he had been trained in his youth. The household was a very quiet one, seeing but little society, and accustomed to trust to itself for those things which give a zest and interest to life. He thus grew up a home-bred boy, shy, modest, and retiring, "thinking too much of himself in some things, too little in others," but with habits of reflection, and with an independence of character which might have been extinguished by the experience of a public school. That he should enter the medical profession was determined, not so much by any special liking or expressed wish of his own, as by the will of his father who was led to chose that path for one of his sons, by the fact that Dr. Baillie, Dr. Denman, and Sir Richard Croft, three distinguished medical men of the time, were connected with him by family ties. The son obediently followed the leading of his father. He scarcely even asked himself whether he should be happy in the choice or no, but accepted it as a matter of course, almost as if it had been arranged before he was born. Not only had he no bias in favour of the profession, but there had been no special direction towards that end given to his studies. He had become a good Greek and Latin scholar; knew a little French and Italian; and as much mathematics as enabled him to study the elementary parts of astronomy, mechanics, and physics.

It was in October, 1801, that he first came up to London to commence his professional studies, which at that time were very differently arranged from what they are at the present day. Nearly every General Hospital in London has now a medical school attached to it, in which lectures on the various sciences which belong to the profession are delivered, and theoretical instruction

in Medicine and Surgery is given to the students who have entered to study the practice of the hospital; and the Professors attached to the school are for the most part also officially connected with the hospital. It very rarely happens that a student joins the medical school of one hospital and pursues his practical studies in another. At the beginning of the present century, however, very little general or theoretical instruction was given in connection with any of the hospitals. This was supplied by various Anatomical Schools, which were the property of independent individuals, in no way necessarily connected with any hospital. A student might join one of the schools for the purpose of dissecting, of learning his anatomy, and of receiving instruction in other matters, and might proceed to "walk" any one of the hospitals he pleased.* Among these schools, one of the most famous was the so-called Hunterian School of Anatomy in Great Windmill Street, which received its name from the distinguished William Hunter, who had taught here, and who had transmitted it to the equally distinguished Dr. Baillie, from whose bands it passed into those of Mr. Wilson. It was in this school that Brodie began the study of Anatomy. His work there was done under a strong sense of duty, and in trustful obedience to the advice which his relation Dr. Baillie had pressed upon him, to make himself master of Anatomy before he proceeded to study Disease. The first nausea of the dissecting-room was soon overcome, but no great affection for Anatomy was acquired. Moreover, he felt solitary among his fellow-students. There was no one, with the exception of Lawrence, to whom he could talk with freedom, or with any hope of response, on the matters that as yet chiefly interested him. Dugald Stewart and the problems of psychology, Homer, Virgil, and literary criticism, were all lost upon the rough untutored fellows who dissected by his side at Wilson's. A mind less evenly balanced, less subject to discipline and the duty of obedience, might easily have been led to turn away from the profession in disgust. If we may judge from some slight indications, it was not without a struggle that Brodie pursued his path. Happily, his intercourse was not confined to Mr. Wilson's pupils. His relations Denman and Baillie took much notice of him; his brother was in London studying Law; and

he had joined some friends, among them Dr. Maton, in founding a sort of literary debating club, where everything was discussed except theology and politics.

A summer's holiday at home was followed by another winter at Wilson's, and in the following spring he entered St. George's Hospital, for the purpose of attending the surgical practice of Mr., afterwards Sir Everard Home. During his first winter he had listened to the surgical lectures of Mr. Abernethy, and had been led, through the enthusiasm of the lecturer, to choose pure Surgery as that branch of the profession to which he should devote himself — his want of a university degree shutting him out from the career of a physician. With his entrance into the Hospital he felt that he was beginning a new life. In the study of Anatomy, as a preliminary to the medical profession, the mind is for the most part passive; it is then learning how to appreciate the accuracy, the exactitude, the iron rule of nature. There is no room for any display of logic, of imagination, of mental acuteness. The student has only to remain obedient and quiet until an image of the mysterious mechanism of the human body, in its minutest details, has been stamped upon his senses and his memory. But the moment that he crosses the threshold of the hospital all is changed. The mind is at once called into great activity; the faculty of observation, the power of inference are set at work; probabilities have to be calculated, and the judgment has to be largely used. Brodie, whose mind had been previously interested in works of imagination and speculation, had found Anatomy rather dull work; but in the investigation of disease by the bedside, and in the appreciation of remedies and treatment, he recognized that the profession could afford him all the intellectual occupation that he desired. His lessons in the Hospital, too, threw back an interest on the dissecting-room, and he returned to Wilson's in the following winter with an awakened zeal in Anatomy, able to follow Dr. Baillie's advice from choice as well as from obedience. The spring of the following year was saddened by the death of his much-loved father, but the loss sent him back to the Hospital with a renewed determination to work. In the October of the same year he was again to be found at Wilson's, but this time assisting to teach the other students as well as improving himself. During the next summer, that of 1805, he occupied the post of house-surgeon to St. George's Hospital, a situa-

* It is a matter for very grave consideration, whether many advantages connected with the old system are not now entirely lost, and whether a revival of that system, with some modifications, might not prove beneficial to the profession, and more especially to science.

tion which vastly increased his opportunities of study. At the conclusion of his term of office in the succeeding October, Mr. Home proposed to make him his private assistant, and the offer was gladly accepted. Such a position, besides being compatible with the winter duties in Great Windmill Street, and bringing in some small emoluments, was one of great advantage to Brodie, inasmuch as it brought him into close contact with one who, whatever may have been his faults, was a good surgeon, and whose love for Comparative Anatomy, though marred by an overweening personal ambition, could not but have a very beneficial effect on a young surgeon. For two years and a half Brodie continued with Home, learning some surgery, teaching at Wilson's, and doing a good deal of work in Comparative Anatomy. During this time he was often thrown into the company of Clift, who afterwards became the Conservator of the Hunterian Museum. Home also made much of him, introducing him to Sir Joseph Banks and other distinguished men of science; and the shy, retiring young surgeon might often be found in the library of the Royal Society's President, where, on Sunday evenings, Davy, Wollaston, Young, the elder Herschel, Cavendish, and others, met to talk together about things as great as the universe, and, in spite of Peter Pinder, as small as fleas. He was, in fact, admitted a member of the aristocracy of science.

The influence of these two years and a half on the future of Brodie's life can hardly be exaggerated. In his boyhood his studies were rather literary than scientific; and, during the first two years of his residence in London, the ignorance of his fellow-students drove him to seek for elevating intercourse in the society of men whose tastes were for the most part confined to literature. The profession he had adopted seemed to him at that time a duty rather than a pleasure—a mechanical routine to be mastered for the sake of the competency it promised, rather than one of the paths of intellectual culture. He was apt, we imagine, to rank science far below literature, and especially below philosophy, technically so called, as an intellectual pursuit or as an exercise of mental power. His experience in the Hospital, however, opened his eyes to the amount of thought involved in a successful practice of the healing art, and his happy intercourse with the bright band of distinguished men of science into whose society Home had brought him, showed him that science was

well justified by her children of that day, who stood second in intellectual vigour to none of the minds of the age. From that time forward Brodie and science were inseparable. Throughout the remainder of a long life none were so ready as he to utter just praises of science; none so ready to foster all scientific efforts. Literature never ceased to be pleasing, nor philosophy enticing to him; but science, either in its pure or its applied forms, ever afterwards claimed and received his warmest affections. In 1808, while he was as yet a mere senior student, not quite twenty-five years of age, he was appointed assistant-surgeon to St. George's Hospital. From the day of his election, Home resigned to him much of his own duties, and the absence of the junior surgeon, Mr. Gunning, with Lord Wellington's army in the Peninsula, placed in Brodie's hands the care of a large number of patients. He immediately gave himself up with vigour to his new duties. Every day he spent hours in the Hospital, taking notes and studying cases. The porters and other menial officials of the place were astonished to see him working as busily as if he were still a student, instead of treating the patients in that rapid and cursory manner which became the dignity of a surgeon. A year or two before, he had joined Mr. Wilson in delivering lectures on Surgery at the school in Great Windmill Street, and very soon found that the greater share of the work fell upon himself. So successful and popular with the students was he, that he began to take part in the anatomical lectures as well. The absence of private practice, however, left still some spare time on his hands, and that he sedulously devoted to experimental researches in Physiology. In 1809 he presented to the Royal Society an "Account of a Dissection of a Human Fetus, in which the Circulation of the Blood was carried on without a Heart." It was printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and though he himself in after years set little or no store by it, he was on the strength of it elected a Fellow of the Society, on the 15th of February, 1810. In November, 1810, when twenty-eight years of age, he delivered a Croonian lecture, "On some Physiological Researches respecting the Influence of the Brain on the action of the Heart, and on the Generation of Animal Heat," for which a Copely medal, "the highest honour the Society has to bestow," was awarded to him. In 1811 he contributed a paper containing "Experiments and Observations on the

different Modes in which Death is produced by certain Vegetable Poisons;" and, in 1812, two papers containing further experiments and observations on the same subjects, animal heat, and the action of poisons. The Copley medal was at that period not given with the same jealous care which marks its distribution at the present day, and was perhaps on some occasions granted for memoirs of decidedly inferior merit. The selection of Brodie's researches for the honour has, however, been ratified by the importance which has been attached to them ever since, and which has led to their being described in nearly all text-books of Physiology. It may be worth while to enter into them somewhat fully here.

The experiments on the different modes in which death is produced by certain poisons, were undertaken with a view to "ascertain in what manner certain substances act on the animal system so as to occasion death, independently of mechanical injury." The author's purpose was not so much a forensic as a purely physiological one. He desired not so much to assist in the solution of the various practical questions that come up in the witness-box, as, by destroying piecemeal the various members of the economy, to get, amid the unloosing of the bands of life, some insight into the laws governing the actions of animal bodies. Poisons are, indeed, in the hands of the physiologist, most valuable instruments of analysis. By them he is enabled, with some degree of success, to annihilate this or that function of the body, and to observe what takes place when the remainder are thus deprived of the help of their fellow. Hence any advance in our knowledge of their physiological properties carries with it all the benefits that result from the improvement of a scientific instrument, or of a method of observation. The action of poisons is, it is true, an exceedingly obscure matter, but it shares that feature in common with all the deeper parts of Physiology. There are few physiologists of note who have not at some time or other of their lives been induced to attack these difficult problems; and if their labours have not always produced striking and important results, their researches have at least been great opportunities for enunciating and defining their views on fundamental physiological doctrines. Among such the investigations of Brodie will always hold a high rank. Since the date of his memoirs much progress has been made in the chemical and forensic aspect of these things; and, with regard to one poison

which he studied, viz., urari, recent Inquiry has brought to light some very important facts, having a most decided influence on the general progress of Physiology, which had escaped his notice. But as concerns the physiological action of the other poisons, it will be scarcely too much to say that our knowledge in that direction has received but few material additions since his time.

The other researches, begun with the intention of testing the truth of the views of the brilliant Bichat concerning the heart's beat being independent of the brain's action, ended in coming upon a result which at that time was judged, and rightly judged, to be of extreme importance. Various hypotheses had been put forward by the older philosophers to account for the fact that a very large number of animals, the so-called warm-blooded creatures, have a fixed, constant, individual temperature, which is, in the main, independent of any external source of warmth, being at times below, but mostly above, that of the surrounding atmosphere, and which is said to be due to Animal Heat. In the pages of the learned Haller, one may read how, it being taken for granted that the general heat of the body was merely a manifestation of the heat of the blood, some thought that a certain amount of caloric was innate in the heart, by whose efficacy the blood was continually warmed; how others, among them the great Newton, fancied that heat was generated in the heart through the influence of the same humours that drove that organ to its pulsations; how a third sect attributed it to a fermentation or effervescence in the blood; others to the movements of the body; and still others to the friction of the blood-globules as they roll along through the narrow capillaries. The some author enters into an exhaustive discussion of the merits of these various views. All such conflicting shadows of opinion* were, however, dispersed and driven wholly away by the bright light of the chemical discoveries of Black, Priestley, and Lavoisier. Under the teaching of those great men, it began to be conceded that animal heat was an effect of respiration, the result of the combustion of carbon (and hydrogen) into carbonic acid (and water) by the oxygen of the breath, — that the temperature of the body and that of a stove were identical in their causation, being both produced by the very same process. But the word "respiration" was at that time used to de-

* Exception should be made in favour of Mayow, who dug up the truth about oxidation and respiration, and then half-buried it again with rubbish.

note a change supposed to take place in the lungs only. By it was understood an oxidation in the lungs of the carbon of the blood by means of the oxygen of the breath. In that process the rest of the body had no share, except in so far as it furnished material for combustion, and received the benefit of the resulting warmth. The lungs were looked upon as the furnace where all the actual burning took place, the blood-vessels, as species of hot-water pipes, carrying all over the body the heat arising from the combustion in the lungs. Whatever processes were taking place in other parts of the body, brain, muscle, or viscera, might be fulfilling their functions in bringing forth other fruits of living action, as sensation, motion, secretion, etc., but they had nothing to do with the production of animal heat. The physiologists of that day were too much inclined to regard the body as a bundle of machines or organs, each organ having its own particular function and nothing else much to attend to, and all being bound together by no strong bond, save that of the so-called vital principle. Against this theory of Lavoisier, it was urged, with great force, that if their views were true, the lungs ought to be the hottest part of the body, which they certainly were not. This difficulty was, however, for a while supposed to be laid by the highly ingenious, but it must now be said barren speculations of Crawford, on the specific capacity for heat of venous and arterial blood; and although Lagrange and Hassenfratz contended that the essential part of respiration, the oxidation of carbon, took place, not in the lungs, but in the capillaries of the body at large, their views were not generally accepted for many years afterwards, until, in fact, they were supported by the observations of Magnus on the relative quantities of oxygen and carbonic acid contained in venous and arterial blood. At the time of Brodie's memoirs the theories of Black and Lavoisier reigned supreme, and it was because his results were unexpectedly in such direct contradiction to their views that they attracted so much attention.

For the purpose of showing that the heart could continue to beat in the absence of a brain, Brodie employed artificial respiration on animals who had been decapitated, or whose brain had by other means been destroyed. By the regular action of a pair of bellows attached to a tube introduced into the windpipe, air could be driven in and out of the chest in a way exactly simulating ordinary respiration. When this was done, the heart continued to beat, the muscles of

the limbs and trunk to contract when stimulated, the blood to be changed from a venous to an arterial colour in its passage through the lungs; in fact, except that there was no consciousness, no voluntary movement, and apparently no secretion, the animal machine seemed to be performing the same functions as during life. According to the theory of Black, the respiration, the change of the blood from a venous to an arterial character in the lungs, being in such a case still carried on, animal heat ought also to have been generated, and consequently the insufflated corpse ought to have maintained its natural temperature as long as artificial respiration was continued. Brodie, however, found that it gradually but persistently became cooler. Nay more, when two rabbits of the same size, breed, and colour were killed, and the one left untouched, while the other was insufflated, the latter always cooled the most rapidly, for the obvious reason that in its case, a certain amount of cool air was at frequent intervals brought into contact with the warm interior of the animal. He moreover obtained the same results when he refrained from mechanically destroying the brain, and merely suspended its action by a narcotic poison; and, with the help of Brande, demonstrated that not only did the blood appear to the eye to undergo in the lungs the usual change from the venous to the arterial condition, but also that the amount of carbonic acid given off by the animal during artificial respiration, to no extent differed from that proper to life and health. He drew from his experiments the conclusion that animal heat was in no direct way connected with respiration; that by respiration no (he afterwards changed the "no" for "little") heat was generated, but that the sole condition and source of the elevated temperature of warm-blooded creatures was the integrity and functional activity of the brain and nervous system.

The results thus obtained by Brodie were corroborated, with unimportant modifications, by subsequent inquirers; and it may at the present day be said that ordinary artificial respiration, after the destruction of the brain, or during the suspension of its activity, is insufficient to maintain the temperature natural to the living healthy animal body. The conclusions, however, drawn by him from these results may be looked at from two points of view. On the one hand, they may be considered as a protest against the chemical theory of Lavoisier, and they doubtless did contribute to the subsequent acceptance of the truer doctrines. On the

other hand, they seem to ascribe to the brain a work hitherto unnoticed or unknown,* and indicate a disposition to rebel against the dominant scheme of independent organs and functions.

It must be confessed that the development of physiological science has taken the direction which these researches may thus be supposed to have pointed out. Not that Brodie saw by any means clearly the true meaning of his results. Had he done so the papers of Home's young pupil would have shown, not signal ability only, but great genius. He thought he saw in them a clear contradiction of chemical theories of life, and an undoubted support of so-called vital theories; and was inclined at first to believe that the nervous system generated heat in some peculiar, mysterious way; whereas in reality they only contradicted chemical theories which were erroneous, in so far as they were narrow and limited, and opened up the way to wider and truer views of the same kind. Since his time the theory of Lavoisier has been superseded, not by doing away with it altogether, but by extending it. And as in the old-fashioned mazes he gets to the central tree the soonest who at first seems to be going directly away from it, so, in the history of physiological science, the way to a physical and chemical explanation of vital actions has been often gained by what seemed at first sight a turning the back on Chemistry and Physics altogether. Again and again the appeal to vital principles has turned out in the end to be an appeal to a wider Chemistry and truer Physics. At the present day we regard animal heat as due, not to combustion of carbon in the lungs, but to an oxidative metamorphosis of all the tissues of the body, some to a greater, and others a less extent. The lungs are, we now think, not a furnace to which all burning is confined, but a chimney through which issues the smoke generated by a combustion which goes on everywhere, and that most fiercely in the tissue or part where life is most active. In fact, the most advanced philosophy teaches that all the measurable forces of living bodies are due to combustion, to oxidation, or at least to chemical transformation, and believes that they may, when our knowledge is wide enough, be all expressed in terms of units of heat. To affirm that heat can be produced in the animal body without previous oxidation, without a metamorphosis of its chemical substances,

or that oxidation can there take place without heat or some equivalent force being set free, is to contradict, not the physiological science only, but also the whole physical philosophy of the present day. We may admit that the brain has a great influence on animal heat, but we can do so only under the assumption that it affects either the sum-total of the bodily metamorphosis, or the manner and amount in and to which the force arising from the ordinary oxidation is either distributed and dissipated as heat, or transformed into some other mode of energy. An exact interpretation of Brodie's results demands a quantitative examination of all the circumstances of the experiments, much greater and more minute than he, with the resources then at his command, was able to give to them. That such an examination has since, as far as we know, not even been attempted, indicates that the experiments have not now the same importance that they formerly had. Like their author, their work is done; they form part of the history rather than of the working capital of science. What is really the same subject, the influence of the nervous system on chemical transformation, *i. e.*, on secretion, nutrition, etc., is now being attacked from other points with a success which, during the last few years, has been very great, and has explained much which seemed to support the erroneous part of Brodie's views. No line of research, in fact, seems to promise more fruit than that of which Sir Benjamin Brodie's inquiries may be regarded as one of the earliest efforts. If we look at them in this light, in tracing out the genesis of one small branch of that scientific thought, which waxes as the years roll on, we may recognize in them a value which increases with time, even though the particular praise which was bestowed on them at the date of their publication, and which won for him the Copley medal, may seem exaggerated, if not mistaken. In the line of English physiologists who, few and scanty as they be, have handed down the apparently vital theories of John Hunter, and little by little have interpreted them, without radical change, into the rigid physico-chemical doctrines of the present day, the name of Brodie will always occupy a high place.

Three other memoirs complete his purely physiological writings. One, "On the Influence of the Nerves of the Eighth Pair on the Secretions of the Stomach," was printed in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1814; another, "On the Influence of the Nervous System on the Action of the Muscles in gen-

* Unless it be by some obscure theorizer. See the amusingly excited note in Milligan's translation of Mujendie's *Physiology*, 1829, p. 578.

eral and of the Heart in particular," was read as a Croonian lecture in 1813, but by the desire of the author was not published; a third, "On the Effects produced by the Bile in the Process of Digestion," appeared in Brande's *Quarterly Journal of Science*, in 1823. The first two are both connected with the same subject which had previously engaged his attention, the bond between the nervous system and the organic, that is, the chemical and physical processes of the animal body; and what has been said of the earlier papers applies equally to these. The matter was one of surpassing interest to Brodie. He saw in it not a mere idle question to be answered by curious men, but an image of, and in some sort a key to, that mysterious connection between the immaterial mind and the material body, which was ever a subject of much thought to him, which comes prominently forward in his *Psychological Inquiries*, and which led him "to say to a friend, in speaking of his lectures on the Comparative Anatomy of the Brain, 'The complexity of the mechanism of the higher brains is enough to make one giddy to think of it.'"

Although during the whole of his life Brodie never failed to take the greatest interest in all matters relating to Physiology and Anatomy, and as an active Fellow of the Royal Society was frequently busied with new discoveries in those sciences, his own personal exertions in them may, except from 1819-23, when he held the post of Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology to the Royal College of Surgeons, be considered to have ended within a few years after his appointment to St. George's Hospital. In 1809 he had taken a house. In 1812 Wilson wished to make over to him the school in Great Windmill Street, in which they had conjointly delivered anatomical and surgical lectures. Acting upon Home's advice, he declined the offer, which was afterwards accepted by Charles Bell. He took, however, another house in the same street, in which he fitted up a museum, and where he continued to deliver surgical lectures until the year 1829, when he transferred them to St. George's Hospital. By far the greater part of his time was spent in the Hospital, where his studies were unremitting and laborious. His attention being drawn to diseases of the joints, the paucity of knowledge on the subject led him to make some original investigations, the results of which were communicated in 1813 to the Medical and Chirurgical Society, of which he had become a member in 1808. As an effect of these inquiries, and of the

practical and scientific reputation he was acquiring, he found that patients came to consult him in increasing numbers; and he began to feel that his physiological experiments must be laid aside, that his business in life was not pure science, but actual practice. Although his scientific epoch, if we may so call it, was a very happy, perhaps the most happy period of his life; and although in his later years he longed for some respite from patients and active duties, in order that he might return to the studies of his early days, he never regretted the choice he had made of becoming a successful surgeon rather than a distinguished physiologist. Nor has the world any reason to deplore it. It is true that England is not overburdened with working physiologists; those that deserve that name at the present day may be counted on the fingers, and many of them are harassed with other duties. She was not overburdened then, though in this respect she held at that time a rank among other nations which she holds no longer. Yet she could afford to spare Brodie. Distinguished scientific men may be got any day, may be trained at any time, if love be present, and scope (and a livelihood) be allowed, while the qualities necessary for a perfect surgeon are more rare. If a man has industry, a tolerably good head, and a humble, steadfast love of truth, he can hardly fail in producing good results in pure science when he sets himself heartily to the work; whereas great success in the practical art requires as well moral and social qualifications that are not always to be found. The one deals with nature, who demands only obedience; the other has to do with nature too, but also with men and women who need as much ruling as she needs obeying. Had Brodie devoted himself to pure Physiology he might have proved himself not merely a fruitful labourer but a great discoverer, or he might have settled down into an ordinary Professor. Judging from what we know of him, it is probable that he would not have ascended to the highest heights of pure science. That absence of pronounced bias towards any particular path of knowledge, which proved of such great utility in the life he actually adopted, would not have been the best augury for his progress in pure science. For a career of that kind an enthusiasm is necessary, an enthusiasm such as that of Edward Forbes, an enthusiasm that is often all the more useful for being apparently sometimes blind and heedless. On the other hand, a strong feeling concerning "duty," which was ever uppermost in Brodie's mind, and which is the grand sup-

port of all who have to act, would have been for the most part lost in a life devoted to abstract inquiry. The man of science, as far as his researches are concerned — and if he be real, he and his researches are one — needs no such source of strength. He has only quietly, humbly, and truthfully to push forward in the way that opens up for him the more clearly the longer he pursues it. "Duty" to such a one is superfluous, if not unintelligible. Men of pure science, again, are content often to look forward to the results of their labours as useful only in future. Sir Benjamin Brodie had that longing to see the immediate fruits of his works, which is characteristic of a practical mind. Even in his abstruser speculations, such as those which he developed in his old age, it was not so much the love of abstract truth as the hope of achieving good that stirred him. His *Psychological Inquiries* are to be regarded as not so much an effort in mental science, as a transcript from the note-book of a physician, who, calmly talking over and wisely considering the symptoms of humanity, points out what he considers the best treatment and remedies to be adopted. But if Sir Benjamin Brodie might not have become a leader in science, he did become one of the greatest of English surgeons. His success justified his choice.

It is very interesting to observe the position he took in reference to the conflicting claims of the science of life and the art of healing. There is very considerable difficulty in judging fairly of the mutual relations of these two things. Though, theoretically considered, the latter is the practical application of the former, practically speaking they stand apart from each other. A physiologist is not necessarily a good practitioner, but rather the contrary; and the converse is equally true. It is matter of uncertainty, and yet not without importance, how far the two should be combined. If we turn to the public for advice, we find them in a state of hopeless contradiction or vacillation. At one moment they shrink from everything that is not entirely practical, and make haste to shun any manifestation of science, as foreboding unwise and dangerous treatment. It is said of Sir Charles Bell that the falling off of his patients after the appearance of a scientific memoir from him, generally led him to publish a practical clinical lecture, with a hope of restoring the balance. At another time the public rush all agape after the latest scientific discovery, and hope all things of the last new physiological theory. Very often an abstruse paper has happily pro-

duced an unexpected rise in patients. Nor is the profession itself by any means unanimous on the matter. There are many, and such are generally called "highly practical," who delight in making a mock of all science, and feel a special pleasure in adopting courses for which no reason can be rendered: the Pharisees, as it were, of Medicine, worshipping the traditions of the elders, and accepting no physiological doctrines until they have, in process of time, acquired the stamp of the sect. In the eyes of such men, Physiology, if not unclean, is at least nothing more than a mere plaything, wholly useless in everyday life. Others again, on the other hand, are perhaps too "hastily scientific," too ready to accept the flickering light of a few academical disputations as a guide through the darkness of the human body, too willing to act upon any advice that is written in letters of Chemistry or Physiology, and not in the language of common sense. To such, Chemistry or Galvanism, or some other section of knowledge, is a shibboleth, and the recent advance of Physical Science the dawning of a millennium. A third class, forming, as we believe, the bulk of the profession, while refusing no ray of light or offer of help that comes from Physiology or Chemistry or elsewhere, temper the zeal and eagerness of science with the wisdom and caution of experience. They may be said to be practical *in re* and scientific *in modo*, inasmuch as they are distinguished, not by their wearing the externals of science, not by their resting their treatment on the result of vivisections and chemical experiments, not by their giving themselves up to any dominant scientific doctrines, but by their studying their cases and governing their practice in that truthful, unwearied, catholic spirit, and trustful obedience to nature, which is the token of all science properly so called. They feel that the bedside and laboratory are as yet too far apart for them to pass rapidly from one to the other; but they feel, too, that truth and success are to be won by the same means in both.

It need hardly be said that it was to this last class that Sir Benjamin Brodie belonged. His youthful intercourse with the muse of pure science prevented him from ever disparaging her, while his having felt, from personal knowledge, how fragmentary and uncertain, how far behind the urgent necessities of everyday life, were the doctrines of Physiology, saved him from blindly following their lead. Ever anxious to connect the phenomena of disease with those of health, ever striving to lay bare the deep-

seated general laws governing both alike, he was still aware that what he knew cast but a stray light on what he had to do, that, while now and then some far off truth in Physiology lighted up the obscurity of a harassing case, it happened far more frequent'y that relief came both to the patient and the doctor through a quick following up of the hints that accident or acute observation started, through treatment which science neither suggested nor could give a reason for. He saw that the honest performance of his practical duties could leave him but little leisure for scientific pursuits, that he could not be a great surgeon and a remarkable physiologist at the same time. He did not care, or rather he saw he was not the man to be, like Young, a great philosopher and a moderate practitioner. But he felt that he could carry into his active life the same spirit than had already given him so great a success in his leisure studies, and the walls of St. George's Hospital could testify to the way in which he set to work. Every day he spent hours there. He studied the cases that came under his care with as much assiduous, conscientious, painstaking accuracy as if he were preparing his notes for publication in the *Philosophical Transactions*. He felt that every patient called for as much research as any subject of his previous memoirs.

The public soon began to learn that a man of such a temper was one who could be fully trusted. The few patients quickly became many. In 1816 he married, upon an income of £1500 a year; and after the publication, in 1819, of his papers on Diseases of Joints, in the form of a book, his practice very rapidly increased. In 1823 his annual income from fees alone amounted to £6500, being about half of what is stated to be the limit which it in no year exceeded.

In the life of a busy surgeon, and especially of one enjoying unbroken success and uniform progress, there are naturally but few events of which others will care to be told. In the autobiography we meet more than once with such a remark as, "During this time my recollection furnishes me with very little that is worthy of being recorded. My mode of life was uniform enough." The chief facts of Brodie's external history may soon be enumerated. In 1817 he gained, through his straightforward conduct, the friendship of Sir William Knighton, and upon the advice of that gentleman, was called in to see the wonderful sebaceous tumour on the head of King George IV., of the removal of which so lu-

dicrous an account is given in the *Life of Sir Astley Cooper*. In 1828 he became surgeon to the King, and in 1830 he treated with great temporary success the dropsy of that monarch. In 1832 he became, upon the death of Sir Everard Home, sergeant-surgeon to King William IV. In 1834 he was elevated to the rank of baronet, and thus received the highest political honour open to the profession. In 1822 the resignation of Mr. Griffiths changed his position at St. George's Hospital from that of assistant-surgeon to full surgeon. In 1828 the partial retirement of Sir Astley Cooper largely increased his practice, particularly in the department of Operative Surgery. In 1830 the pressing demands of his private duties compelled him to give up his systematic course of surgical lectures at St. George's, though for some years afterwards he continued to give occasional clinical discourses. In 1834 he became, by virtue of his position as sergeant-surgeon, one of the examiners at the Royal College of Surgeons. In 1837, looking forward to some leisure in the coming years, he purchased Broome Park, at Betchworth in Surrey. In 1840, "After having filled the place of assistant-surgeon for fourteen years, and that of surgeon for eighteen years," he resigned his office, at the early age of fifty-six, partly because he now began to feel the necessity of diminishing the amount of his labours, and partly from a generous wish to increase the opportunities of the active and deserving young men he saw around him.

With the exception of memorable occasions such as these, his life might seem to lookers-on full of sameness: patients in the morning, patients in the afternoon, patients in the evening, and even in the night, with, at one period of his life, the frequent harassment of long provincial journeys. But, though objectively monotonous, it was subjectively of great and varied interest. Even the private patients had sometimes charms that were not limited to the fees they brought. The treatment of many cases became, of course, after a while, a mere matter of dry routine. A few questions, a rapid glance, and both the nature of the disease and the proper remedy we at once divined. Little mental exertion was required for, and therefore little pleasure derived from, instances of maladies which had been seen and studied again and again. All cases, however, were not of this description. Every day was sure to bring to his observing eye some feature of disease that awakened curiosity and stimulated the mind, something that had been looked for

long, something that had not been expected at all. No day could fail to add fresh links to various chains of thought, to bring fresh proofs or new corrections of growing theories and views. Especially true was this of his hospital experience, where disease could be studied more rigidly and with greater scientific accuracy than in the private consulting-room, and where the intellectual pleasure of observing any striking symptom or result of treatment was increased by the satisfaction of explaining its importance or meaning to a group of intelligent and inquiring students. "Some of my happiest hours," he writes, "were those during which I was occupied in the wards of St. George's Hospital, with my pupils round me, answering their inquiries, and explaining the cases to them at the bedside of the patients." Science, again, was a never-failing source of pleasure to him. He took part in all the new and stirring discoveries, and mixed with all the distinguished men of his time. And if he needed or cared for other excitements he had his share in them too. The surgeon who rises to be the leading surgeon of the day is necessarily brought into close contact with all phases of life, the highest as well as the lowest. He sees, moreover, characters at seasons when real features come to the surface, and learns secrets which are hid from all the world. He has, perhaps, on the whole, better opportunities than most men of getting behind the scenes, and seems to take some part in all the life of his time. Among that knowledge which was buried in the grave with Brodie, a great deal that appeared to him most likely worthless, would be highly prized by many a gossipping mind.

It is difficult to form a just estimate of the good effected by such a life as Brodie's. The number of valuable lives spared or lengthened, the amount of human suffering lessened by his skill, with the benefits to mankind thus indirectly wrought; all, in fact, that is implied by the well-known Homeric line which asserts that a healer is worth a hundred other men, by no means comprises all he did. His professional writings, though they were but few, were of the highest order. His book on Diseases of Joints at once took, and has since maintained the rank of a standard work. It may be said to have inaugurated a new epoch in the treatment of those maladies. And the same observation will apply to his other larger treatises, while his various short observations, occasional papers, and lectures, are a rich mine of practical ideas and suggestive hints, to which a practitioner will

again and again turn when baffled in his art. But his unwritten influence was far larger than his written. With the death of such a man there is lost to the world a store of wisdom, in which it can never share. In the case of Brodie this was perhaps larger than with most distinguished men. He himself was wont to say that nine-tenths of his knowledge would perish with him. All his life long, however, and especially during his later years, he was working upon the men of his time in a way which was but dimly visible to himself, and which cannot perhaps even as yet be fully appreciated by others.

We have said that he was emphatically a representative man; he was a pattern to the public of what the profession might and ought to be, and an example to the profession of what it might and ought to become. In both functions he did great and good service. Before his time men had been much accustomed to associate eminence in the surgical profession with individual talent marred by coarseness, abrupt humour, or personal vanity, and often united with great ignorance in matters outside the art. Brodie showed them that general culture, science, and philosophy were helpmates rather than hindrances to professional ability, and that it was best for one who aspired to be a leading surgeon, not to discard nor to affect to despise the mind and manners of a gentleman. The whole tenor of his life did much to raise the surgical art in the opinion of the world. Equally beneficial was his influence upon his brethren. The profession and the public are not always agreed as to who deserve to be considered the most eminent surgeons or physicians, but for once they heartily joined in ranking Sir Benjamin Brodie as *facile princeps*. Perhaps no one was ever so universally esteemed and looked up to by his fellows as was he. This was partly due to the great respect he in turn felt for his fellows. The large class of general practitioners, to whose care, after all, the health of the community is in the main intrusted, he always held in high estimation. He never delighted, as many in his position do, in snubbing them. On the contrary, whenever he was called in consultation to some obscure spot in the country, he used to take with him a list of questions, to be put to his humble brother, in order that he might learn something from the latter's experience, and he was wont to say that many a time the benefit which he himself in this way received was greater than that which he was able to bestow upon the patient. An acknowledged leader of the profession, such as he was, would naturally have a great

power of moulding and forming the minds and characters of others, especially of those who entered the profession at the time when he was in the zenith of his fame. Every student who entered the hospitals would be sure to see in himself, with more or less distinctness, a future Brodie. And it was well for the profession that it had a man of Brodie's stamp at its head. He was, in many respects, far fitter to hold that position than his immediate predecessor, Sir Astley Cooper, whose acknowledged eminence, being beyond defence, need not fear criticism. No two men could be more unlike than were these distinguished surgeons. The only point in which they touched was the love each bore to science, and they differed even in their attitude towards science. Brodie looked upon Anatomy chiefly as the basis of Physiology; and in Physiology he saw a means of intellectual culture, a stronghold of the healing art, and a great help towards solving the riddle of human nature. His own physiological labours were connected with important questions, the answers to which turned both the thoughts and practices of men. Sir Astley Cooper loved Anatomy partly for its own sake, just as he loved dissecting, partly on account of its direct utility in Mechanical Surgery, and partly because it was a path along which he might tread towards fame. And his own labours were prompted by one or other of these feelings. The one was in his proper sphere when in the midst of quiet discussion, the other when, with the help of students, he was dissecting an elephant under adverse circumstances.

In his professional capacity, Cooper was brilliant, somewhat off-hand and hasty perhaps, delighting in difficult and extraordinary operations, restless under the necessity of minutely and laboriously investigating an obscure case, in his glory when an unforeseen accident in the operating theatre dismayed his fellows, and called for prompt decision and immediate action. Brodie, though never failing in emergencies, disliked the glamour of operations, looked upon the knife as a reproach rather than as a credit, was cautious and wisely slow in judgment though quick in ratiocination, to the last modest and retiring, and shone most when thought and wisdom were most required. Both loved their profession, but Cooper loved fame more than the accomplishment of duties, and it may perhaps be said, loved praise more than fame. If Brodie loved anything more than his profession, it was that general pursuit of truth and performance of duty of which the surgi-

cal art was only one example; and if he had ambition, it was ambition of the purest quality, mixed with nothing that was not proper to a noble mind. In Cooper's eyes, the healing art was a sphere in which natural ability, a quick hand and eye, a tact in dealing with men and things, were sure to meet with success. Brodie saw in it a continual attempt, oftentimes unsuccessful and disappointing, to solve baffling problems, a path of duty which could only be happily trod with the help of a watchful study of nature, a faithful, childlike, humble obedience to all she taught, and a wise appreciation of all the hints she gave. The influence of Cooper's example was to make young surgeons inclined to overrate their own importance, to think much of the externals of their art, of personal address and skill in the use of the knife, and to be calculating rather how they should deal with patients than treat diseases. Brodie taught them to look upon themselves, not as single individuals about to secure the admiration and fees of a large clientele, but as members of a body which, by its history, its education, and its connections with science, was called to great exertions in order to overcome or to soothe the sufferings of mankind.

And not only by virtue of his moral nature and temper was Brodie's influence over his brethren a benign one; in the more strictly intellectual features of his professional character he was equally potent for good. His method of healing, which by the force of example became the method of many others, may be briefly described as the union of skilled diagnosis with a wise and happy adaptation of ordinary remedies. By his excellence in diagnosis he helped very materially to construct the edifice of modern Medicine, and to keep his particular department of Surgery on a level with the rapidly developing one of the pure physicians. To one not conversant with the details of disease, the mere distinguishing one disease from others may seem to be only preliminary to the more difficult task of treatment; but in reality it is much more than half the struggle. The true appreciation of a malady being rightly got, the manner of curing it follows in most cases as a matter of course. For true diagnosis, the accurate sorting and setting apart the various sets of symptoms which we call diseases, must not be confounded with a mere superficial distribution of names. A name may be given without trouble, and therefore without result; but two diseases, alike in their superficial and external phenomena, but unlike

in their deep-seated and fundamental qualities, cannot be distinguished until we have gone right down into the essential nature of each. Diagnosis is in fact merely the expression of Pathology, the science of disease. And it is only by knowing diseases that we can hope to cure them. It is astonishing sometimes to witness how effectual the simplest remedies and plainest directions turn out when they are suggested by an accurate knowledge of the nature of the malady,—in other words, when a correct diagnosis has been made. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, when a particular treatment has been remarkably successful after the failure of many others, the result has been due to the therapeutic blow having been directed, not at random, but with clear intent. A slight tap in the right place will do what no amount of beating the bush could effect. Many of the diseases which afflict us are so dreadful because they are mere shadows. They torment us in the gloom of ignorance; when light approaches they melt away almost of themselves. And though there are many which we fail to touch, even when we seem to know most about them, we have, through diagnosis, at least the melancholy satisfaction of foreseeing all their gravity. In the art of diagnosis Sir Benjamin Brodie was a master, and great was the delight which he took in the work. His other characteristic, the wise use of remedies, almost necessarily followed from his efficiency in this. Perfection of diagnosis and multiplicity of remedies are always to be found existing in an inverse ratio to each other. He who is careless in his analysis will be profuse with his prescriptions; and he who has gone to the bottom of a malady will not have to go much further in seeking for the cure. Apart, however, from those remedies suggested by the results of diagnosis, there are also a large number of purely empirical remedies and plans of treatment, satisfactory indications for which fail either because the nature of the disease can with our present knowledge be probed to a certain depth only, or because our knowledge of the *modus operandi* of drugs and other therapeutic agents is so imperfect. The various members of the medical profession vary very much in their attitude towards these sealed missives of cure. Some are eager for them, use them frequently and fearlessly, are alternately borne up by hope and cast down by disappointment in their experience of them. New remedies, always joyfully accepted by patients, are not without charms for professional men,

and fashion here, as elsewhere, has a powerful sway. Other practitioners are fond of confining themselves purposely and rigidly to a very scanty list of drugs, like Brodie's old master in pharmacy, who in his "open shop" had many show-bottles, but, for the most part, only four use-bottles, one for each of the quarters from which he believed the wind of disease to blow. It is a very common thing to hear men, accounted remarkably successful men, exclaim in their old age, "Give me opium, quinine, and sulphur," or, "calomel, digitalis, and antimony, and I will cure all diseases that can be cured;" and tales have been told of those who had but one prescription, which, if not regarded as a panacea, was at least offered as treatment to all sorts and conditions of men. On the other hand, there is a small class of men who state that they conscientiously abstain from every treatment for which they cannot render a reason from beginning to end. It need scarcely be said that Brodie belonged to none of these. While accepting no treatment rashly, and never obstinately refusing to receive assistance either from the newest elegant pharmaceutical preparation or from the latest and most ingenious mechanical contrivance, he held that many remedies, however old-fashioned, were of the greatest use when one had learned from experience the exact time and place in which to employ them. His scientific culture was too pronounced to allow him ever to fail of reaping the first and last fruits of Physiology and Pathology, while his practical wisdom and humility kept him from ever discarding an unmistakable help because he could not write down the scientific formula of its action; and we may safely say that the great bulk of the profession is treading in the same path. It is confessedly difficult to disentangle the influence of a single man from the mixed impulses of an age; but the fact is patent, that during the past half century the progress of the healing art, and the intellectual and moral development of those that practise it, have taken place exactly in that direction towards which all Sir Benjamin Brodie's efforts turned. Everywhere, even in the humblest representative, may be seen the same drawing near to science, the same desire to rest all treatment on a rational basis, and the same consciousness of the ennobling effect of uprightly pursuing its duties. It would be absurd to say that he himself was not borne upon a wave which began elsewhere; it would be unjust to think that he was not foremost in urging the movement on.

Though naturally not of a very strong, and certainly not of a very robust constitution, he lived, notwithstanding years of laborious exertion and times of almost incessant toil, to see the fruit of his labours; to witness, beside his own personal success, that development of the sciences, and that exaltation of the character of the surgical profession, for which he had striven. Without trespassing much on a subject that has often been selected as a butt for sarcasm, we may perhaps venture to say that the length of his life was in part the result of his own care. Seeing so clearly as he did how much mental exertion depends on a comfortable physical condition of the body, he considered that carelessness in regard of his health was worse than a waste of time. In his early days he once allowed a too intense application to render him for a while unfit for his duties, but he never, we believe, repeated the mistake. As far as was in his power he so kept his body, that in his old age he was able to enjoy the honours that came upon him.

We have already mentioned, that in 1834 he received the highest political mark that can be bestowed on the medical profession. Had there been other higher ones he would undoubtedly have had them, and as undoubtedly would not have cared much for them. He told his students more than once that they were to seek not political but scientific rank. "Our profession," said he, "is not a political one." And the words which have been chosen by Mr. Hawkins in which to give a facsimile of Sir Benjamin's handwriting, do not merely express a sentiment put in to grace an introductory lecture; like everything else that Brodie said, they simply spoke his real feelings. In telling the students what they were to look forward to, he was talking of his own desires. Looking back on his own life, he could not but recognize its great success in the wealth, professional reputation, and social rank he had attained to. One thing only was lacking to him — some external token that science as well as the world acknowledged his labours, and was proud of his worth.

His cup might be said to be full when on the 30th of November, 1858, he was elected President of the Royal Society. We may

fairly believe that no event of his life ever gave him such pleasure as this. The Royal Society, the nurse of English science, though at times it has suffered from the influence of cliques, has had the good fortune never to degenerate into an Academy. This may partly be attributed to the fact that its fellowship is not restricted to cultivators of pure science, but that intellectual prowess is leavened with the leaven of high social station and of distinguished practical ability. In their President the Fellows have often wisely sought not so much rare success in one branch of science as a catholic appreciation of all kinds of knowledge. In no one could such a quality have been found to a more eminent degree than in Sir Benjamin Brodie. For three years he adorned that office as he had adorned his profession; and it was with the greatest regret that the Council, in November, 1861, unwillingly accepted his unwilling but forced resignation. An affection of the eyes, which even the skill of a Bowman was unable to arrest, was beginning to render him unfit for all active duties. The same cause compelled him to resign the Presidency of the General Medical Council, where his wisdom and experience had been of especial use. The life that had been so rich in works was beginning to fail. His general health, however, continued so far good that he was able to be in London during the winter of 1861-2, and to attend and speak at a meeting of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, when an address of condolence to the Queen on the death of the lamented Prince Consort was voted; a fit subject for his last public speech.

At the end of April he returned to Broome Park, and after a few days was seized with fever. Very soon a malignant affection of the right shoulder began to show itself. He gradually got worse, and on the 21st of October, 1862, he died. His death was such as might have been expected from his life. He, the greater part of whose days had been spent "in the midst of the valley of the shadow of death," who had ever been most earnest in the search for truth, was not likely to have been heedless of the things behind the veil, or to have been unready himself to pass beyond it.

MISS BRADDON.

Conclusion of an Article in the North British Review.

HAVING now passed in review the long roll of Miss Braddon's personages, what report can we make, what judgment must we pronounce? Have we discovered among them one who thoroughly amuses or interests us; one whom we might be tempted to take as a model, or compelled to admire as the impersonation of anything noble in demeanour and lovable in mind? Is there a single page in her writings from which we have derived any gratification or learned anything new? Have we found her to be a creator of new types, a copyist of living personages, or a creator of unnatural monstrosities?

Applying to her productions the test which we named at the outset, we find that she excels where to excel is no merit, failing utterly in those respects wherein to fail means mediocrity. Of pathos and humour, happy touches and telling sayings, words which depict while they explain, thoughts at once original and impressive, we can discover no traces in her pages. What is conspicuous above all things is the skill with which she groups her materials, and the manner in which she deals with revolting topics, so as to hinder the startled reader from tossing her volume away in sheer disgust. She can tell a story so as to make us curious about the end. Does the power of doing this alone stamp her as a great novelist?

Sydney Smith would have replied, Assuredly it does. When reviewing Mr. Lister's undeservedly forgotten novel, *Granby*, he wrote these words: "The main question as to a novel is, Did it amuse? Were you surprised at dinner coming so soon? did you mistake eleven for ten and twelve for eleven? Were you too late to dress? and did you sit up beyond the usual hour? If a novel produces these effects it is good; if it does not, story, language, love, scandal itself, cannot save it. It is only meant to please; and it must do that or in does nothing."

Now, the reviewers who have lauded Miss Braddon's novels, apply to them only the test employed by Sydney Smith. They tell us that the plots will hardly bear criticism, that the tone is unhealthy, that the views of life are false and mischievous; but they recommend them to us notwithstanding, merely on the ground that each can be read from the first to the last page without our attention ever flagging, or our interest being

abated. They are recommended, moreover, as good stimulants in these days of toil and worry, and as well fitted for relieving overtaxed brains by diverting our thoughts from the absorbing occupations of daily life.

Others, again, take different ground. According to them the "sensation tale" is no novelty. They boldly avow that all great novels are as sensational as those of Miss Braddon. If called upon they would cite as examples some of the best works of Scott, and a few of the works of Bulwer Lytton, and George Eliot. *The Heart of Midlothian* and *Eugene Aram*, *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss*, are unquestionably novels wherein there are incidents as highly coloured as in *Lady Audley's Secret* or *Henry Dunbar*. The difference, however, is far greater than the resemblance. These works are truthful taken as wholes, and even the startling occurrences are not at variance with experience and probability. According to Miss Braddon, crime is not an accident, but it is the business of life. She would lead us to conclude that the chief end of man is to commit a murder, and his highest merit to escape punishment; that women are born to attempt to commit murders, and to succeed in committing bigamy. If she teaches us anything new, it is that we should sympathize with murderers and reverence detectives. Her principles appear to us to resemble very strikingly those by which the Thugs used to regulate their lives.

The charge is a hard one; but of its justice we are firmly convinced. The extracts we have given suffice to prove that it is deserved. Let her personages cease to be potential or actual criminals, and they will stand forth as lay figures distinguishable for nothing except the shape of their noses and the colour of their eyes and hair. They excite our interest only so long as they are blameworthy. Her good people are insufferably stupid. Sir Michael Audley, John Mellish, George Gilbert, Francis Tredethlyn suffer for the sins of others, and seem to suffer deservedly. We can hardly sympathize with fools when their own folly is the cause of their misfortunes. Miss Braddon renders all those who are not wicked so utterly ridiculous, that we are tempted to infer she designed to show how mistaken a thing is probity or goodness.

Tested, then, by a purely literary standard, these works must be designated as the least valuable among works of fiction. They glitter on the surface, but the substance is base metal. Hence it is that the impartial critic is compelled, as it were, to unite with the moralist in regarding them as mis-

chievous in their tendency, and as one of the abominations of the age. Into uncontaminated minds they will instil false views of human conduct. Such notions are more easily imposed on the unwary than eradicated from the minds which have cherished them. Miss Braddon makes one of her personages tell another that life is a very different thing in reality than in three-volume novels. She has manifested this in her own works. But the fact of this difference is a conclusive proof of their inferiority. A novel is a picture of life, and as such ought to be faithful. The fault of these novels is that they contain pictures of daily life, wherein there are scenes so grossly untrue to nature, that we can hardly pardon the authoress if she drew them in ignorance, and cannot condemn her too strongly if, knowing their falseness, she introduced them for the sake of effect. The Archbishop of York did not overstate the case when, speaking as a moralist, he said at the Huddersfield Church Institute, in November last, that "sensational stories were tales which aimed at this effect simply — of exciting in the mind some deep feeling of overwrought interest by the means of some terrible passion or crime. The want to persuade people that in almost every one of the well-ordered houses of their neighbours there was a skeleton shut up in some cupboard; that their comfortable and easy-looking neighbour had in his breast a secret story which he was always going about trying to conceal; that there was something about a real will registered in Doctors' Commons, and a false will that at some proper moment should tumble out of some broken bureau, and bring about the *dénouement* which the author wished to achieve." Though the foregoing remarks have a general application, yet they apply with crushing force to the present case. It need only be added, as advice to those who either possess or delight to buy such books, that the proper shelf on which to place them is that wherein stands *The Newgate Calendar*.

We should act unfairly if we left on our readers' minds the impression that we do not regard Miss Braddon as an authoress of originality and merit. In her own branch of literature, we hold that she is without a living rival. The notoriety she has acquired is her due reward for having woven tales which are as fascinating to ill-regulated minds as police reports and divorce cases. Her achievements may not command our respect; but they are very notable, and almost unexampled. Others before her have written stories of blood and lust, of atrocious crimes and hardened criminals, and these

have excited the interest of a very wide circle of readers. But the class that welcomed them was the lowest in the social scale, as as well as in mental capacity. To Miss Braddon belongs the credit of having penned similar stories in easy and correct English, and published them in three volumes in place of issuing them in penny numbers. She may boast, without fear of contradiction, of having temporarily succeeded in making the literature of the kitchen the favourite reading of the drawing-room.

From the *Examiner*, 30 Sept.

THE FENIAN FLEAS.

IN "Nicholas Nickleby," Smike and another represent a general rebellion on a country stage. In the present performance of the "Plot Discovered, or Erin Preserved," the absurdity is reversed, and it is not the duality but the plurality of the rebels that makes the affair so ludicrous. They are so very many and so very little, or, as the Americans would say, "cruel small." Government lays hold of traitors of the size of fleas, but their name, forsooth, is legion. And it is their boast that, as there is as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, so there is a fine stock of Fenians left, notwithstanding the captures made. And this may be true, for fools, knaves, and dupes always abound.

The idea of this conspiracy was derived from the exhibition of the Industrious Fleas. Those fleas marched like soldiers, fired guns, and performed various evolutions in admirable order. Why should not Irishmen do as much and as well, — or even surpass the fleas, upset a mighty Government, and establish a republic under a green flag? So the fleas industriously commenced drilling, organizing, and conspiring. They appointed Captains of hundreds, Colonels, Generals, and what not in that line; and so bold did they feel, so confident of their own strength in disciplined numbers and the coming armada from America, for which a bright look-out is kept, that they made no secret of their great designs, and thought indeed to strike terror by boisterously proclaiming their treason. Could they realize that unanimity of fleas which Curran thought must be irresistible? And hard to deal with, in one sense, it must be confessed are the fleas, for catching them is not a very nice or dignified business, nor much advanc-

ing total suppression. Government gets hold of what it wants, but what is it? A flea, a traitorous flea, a flea of the worst intentions, a flea that would overthrow the throne, a flea that would set up a republic, a flea that would unfurl that green flag appropriate to the sovereignty of the greenest of people.

It vexes us to see treason reduced so low that the law cannot stoop to deal with it without some compromise of its dignity. Is there no artificial way of raising the affair, and giving it some show of consequence, fictitious though it may be? Bulwer Lytton tell us of a Hidalgo of mighty pride and small means, who used to wear magnifying glasses when he dined off a bunch of cherries, to the end that he might seem to be eating fruit as big as pumpkins. By similar process could the fleas be magnified to the size of elephants? No, their number forbids, and fleas will be fleas, Fenians Fenians, no matter what is done to make more of them. But there is one expedient by which may be escaped the humiliation of confessing that the treason grappled with has not mounted above the condition of a lawyer's clerk, and has its general level in the degree of shop-boys. It is to give the prisoners their rank in the Fenian Army *in posse*. There is a Colonel now in custody who was in a Union Poor-house last winter. By all means give him his Fenian rank to sink other circumstances. There are Generals, too, no doubt, whose capture would sound well but for the mention that one is a tailor, another a costermonger, another a muffin-man, and so on. We are told, too, that there is a Field-Marshal, nothing less, who escaped from the Widow Cormack's cabbage garden (when rebellion succumbed to a sergeant's guard of policemen) disguised as a lady's maid. Let him have his baton. Why indeed grudge anything that can elevate this egregious nonsense? Assume their honours if they have them not. Perhaps there is a President of the coming Irish Republic in some mean calling, and would it not dignify the prosecution to set forth his high pretensions in the indictment? The thing is now insufferably low and mean, and something must be done to give it, if not the reality, at least the show of some elevation. But alas! we fear it is impossible. "Fleas are not lobsters, d—n their eyes," swore Sir Joseph Banks, according to the witty Peter Pindar; and fleas never will be anything but fleas or Fenians, nor is it possible to make decent traitors of such poor stuff.

From the Examiner.

BREAK DOWN OF ABSOLUTISM.

POLITICAL and ecclesiastical absolutism is cutting but an indifferent figure just now. Right Divine, when it had little else to say for itself, used to boast of its peculiar claim to consistency, its councils being held with closed doors, and the motions of its will being undisturbed by outward interference. If it seemed sometimes to err, at least it might always demand the respect due to tenacity of purpose and to unchangeability of aim. Its resolution once taken, popular importunity and protest broke in idle foam at its feet, and though it might pay dearly now and then for its exalted obstinacy, there was something imposing to vulgar ears in the solemn iteration of *non possumus*, whether uttered at Vienna or the Vatican; as though men heard the voice of a mysterious fate declaring — As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, irresponsible government without end. Philosophers might laugh and sceptics mock, and the *valets de chambre* of papal and imperial royalty might shrug their shoulders as they dressed and undressed its limbs and saw it quake and totter when the blinds were drawn. But to the public the spectacle was ever reproduced with imposing effect as before, and though the wise grew weary, for a great and varied multitude there was continuity in the spell; and that, too, was something.

But the spell is broken; the orchestra no longer plays in tune; the scenes don't fit; and a painful dissipation of delusion is caused by the apologetic announcement in commonplace accents that the oft-repeated piece has, through unavoidable circumstances, been discontinued, and that the public must be satisfied with something different instead. Even Apostolic Vicars and Kaisers in this degenerate age find themselves in want of money; and when they do, they are forced, like other people, to put their finest first principles of government into their pocket-books, and try what they can get for them upon mortgage. In their hearts they doubtless never mean to part with them for good. The ultimate right to fall back upon them and to repudiate the temporary bargain as usurious is silently reserved. But in the meantime necessity has no law; so the Pope and the Emperor allow it to be quietly understood that they are open to an offer from the surviving relatives of those they shot and hanged the other day for presuming to parley with them.

The Church is unchanged and unchangeable, and the Temporal Power is the apple of its eye; nevertheless, if certain things of a substantial kind were only made right, his Holiness might nod or wink hard for a while at what he can no longer help; and though he cannot be expected to anoint or crown the King of Italy, he thinks it high time to abate somewhat of his anathemas against the new régime, when he beholds the Ambassador of the chaste and devout Isabella publicly received at Florence.

In like manner his Majesty Francis Joseph, after desolating Hungary with fire and sword, and decimating its chosen sons in fulfilment of his hereditary duty to God and Christendom to fuse the Austrian Empire into one indivisible mass, and after having spent fifteen years in worrying all the unhappy kingdoms and provinces subject to his sway with the assertion of this Apostolic revelation from on high, avows himself ready to sell his Protectorship of German rights for two millions and a half of Prussian thalers, ready money down, and to hypothecate his Divine right to torment Hungary for a conditional promise of a loan from the bankers of 150,000,000, without which the Imperial machinery cannot be kept going. All the stately talk about unification of forms and assimilation of laws and centralization of authority suddenly ceases. The united Parliament of the Austrian Empire is dissolved, with the vaguest of vague hints as to its ever being called together again. The intractable Hungarians and Bohemians are discovered to have been right after all; and they are now respectively bidden by their liege lord to do that which, if they had done or threatened to do it any day during the last fifteen years, they would have been treated as rebels for doing.

Facts have not changed in the least, nor feelings been modified a whit. Right was right all this time, and wrong was wrong. But so long as monarchy could borrow money without acknowledging the truth, the truth was said to be a lie, and the people suffered. Whenever on-lookers from afar ventured mildly to intimate their doubts of the absolute wisdom of Absolute Power, courtly politicians were sure to tell us that high reasons of state rendered the denial of popular claims necessary, and that in the end it would be seen how sagacious and profound was the imperial policy. Every specious show of liberal concession made from time to time by the Austrian Government was extolled as a new proof of the gradual spread of constitutionalism, and of the superior merit of reform proceeding

from above instead of from below. How could a set of half-educated Czechs or Magyars know what was good for them and for the Empire and for Europe at large, as well as Princes of the blood and great nobles of the land, and Haynau, Benedek, and Radetzki? How often have we heard even journalists who ought to have known better take this temporizing and truckling tone, and members of our Legislature chime in with it too faithfully. What have they to say now for it or for themselves? Shall we be told that the recent Rescript of the Emperor is a generous yielding to popular prayer, — an evidence of royal readiness to meet the wishes of his people? The correspondent of a daily contemporary uses the too significant phrase, in describing the ebullition of feeling in Hungary, that Pesth "seems drunk with joy." We know what regard is to be paid to drunken vows. For us there is neither merit nor dignity in this dropping of the reins of despotism. We see in it a betrayal of abject weakness, and nothing more.

As little value can we set upon the temporizing of Pius IX. with M. Boggio. The temporal power is sick unto death, and it would willingly palter now with those whom, up to yesterday, it insulted and defied. Help from Spain was its last hope, and, thanks to the grim attitude of the Liberal party in Spain, that hope is now at an end. Austria, however willing, is less able than ever to guarantee the possession of Rome as an exclusively ecclesiastical capital; and France has been alienated more than ever by the madness and folly of the late Encyclical. Even the lath-and-plaster monarchy of Mexico objects to be painted outside of the papal colours. It is time to trim; so Rome is trimming.

From the *Spectator*.

FENIANISM—ITS DANGER AND ITS REMEDY.

THERE is one point about this Fenian movement upon which English opinion is, we think, at least partially in error. The "insurrection" is declared contemptible because its leaders are such mean people. A schoolmaster, a tailor, a news agent, a fifth-rate journalist, a discharged sergeant, — how, it is asked, can an agitation be formidable which has for its chief men of such condition as these? Unfortunately, it is this very circumstance, and this alone,

which in the eyes of politicians will redeem the organization from contempt, for it imparts to it the element which statesmen most heartily fear,—something which makes all received methods of calculation inapplicable. During the Indian mutiny the circumstance which of all others most embarrassed the Indian Government was this,—they could never tell the limits of sepoy ignorance. A regiment might be cantoned in a place where its destruction if it rebelled was a physical certainty, might be surrounded with Europeans or Sikhs, might be divided against itself, might be absolutely powerless from sickness or desertions, and yet there was no security that it would not suddenly break out. One regiment mutinied in the midst of foes who destroyed it there and then; another rose nearly a thousand miles from succour, with the certainty that it would march across a hostile kingdom of forty millions; a third threw a province into disorder by rebelling with less than a hundred men. When an insurrection is headed by men of education, or standing, or wealth, statesmen have some basis for calculation. They can reason, or argue, or concede, or at worst, coerce. With an O'Connell it is possible to deal by compromise, with a Fitzgerald official menaces have a meaning, even an Emmett does not fling peasantry armed with sticks upon British regiments and artillery. With such men in the front a province can be kept quiet in the last resort by an exhibition of irresistible force, by troops and police, and the visible existence of preparation. They can understand even a force they do not see, and unless driven mad by oppression will not stir till they have some reasonable chance of success, will in fact act in a greater or less degree from the same motives as statesmen do, and which statesmen therefore can in some degree anticipate. But no man can anticipate even in thought the course which men like these Fenian leaders would adopt. They are capable of rebelling in a county in which they have not a hundred followers, of threatening London with the vengeance of the Irish *quartier* behind Great Ormond Street, of trying to seize Cork and defeat its garrison with a squad of half-drilled peasants, of hurling their followers barehanded on to men armed with Enfield rifles. Any rumour is enough to deceive them, if only it is a rumour they like. No information is sufficient to deter them, if only it is at variance with their preconceived convictions. Ignorance is power sometimes as well as knowledge, and men who can conceive

it possible for the Irish in Liverpool to take Liverpool are dangerous by reason of their imbecility,—of their freedom from all the restraining influences of judgment, and foresight, and insight into facts. The Fenians had no leaders capable of perceiving that the advent of 200,000 Americans was an impossibility, of recognizing the necessity of organization, of doubting rubbishy stories about military disaffection, of in short understanding the facts with which they were about to deal. And therefore the Fenians were formidable, not indeed to the Empire, but to the peace and good order of certain Irish counties. Had they been Scotchmen, the Government would have let them alone, confident that they had no adequate means of resistance, and certain that they would never rise until they had. On the celebrated 10th of April, 1848, the city which after London required the most attention was Glasgow, where the Chartists were exceedingly strong, and had unusual facilities for defying both the soldiery and police. The Home Secretary, however, contented himself with a quiet order that no message not official should be transmitted from London to Glasgow, and sat quite secure. He knew perfectly well that the canny Scotch operatives, however full of political feeling, would never stir till they knew their friends were in overt movement, would never fling themselves away in an isolated insurrection, would never refuse to recognize any existing facts. He was perfectly right; nobody moved in Glasgow, but the precaution as applied to Fenians would have been an imbecility. They would not have been able to see that isolation was dangerous, would have invented some wild story to account for the non-arrival of telegrams, and would have precipitated themselves on the soldiery out of sheer incapacity to understand political facts. The *Northern Whig*, we see, thinks it very hard that Irishmen should be called children, and so it may be, but it is not hard that Fenians should be so called, but only kindly. No one knows better than that journal that had a strong rumour floated through Cork of the arrival of an American fleet, the Fenians of that city were perfectly capable of announcing that the hour had arrived, and declaring war on the British Empire. That is childishness, and childishness of a kind which for the child's own sake requires a moderate application of the rod. To argue that Fenianism was not dangerous because no one of education, or position, or military skill was connected with it, is simply to argue that a

madman is not dangerous because he has no sense.

It is very difficult for Englishmen, accustomed always to seek practical ends, to discuss Fenianism without trying to discover a remedy for the evil, but we believe the Irish observers are right. There is no remedy except perhaps time and education. Medicine cannot discover a drug which will cure hypochondria, nor statesmanship a law which will eradicate from the minds of a people a false ideal. The body may be brought into a condition with which hypochondriasis is incompatible, and Ireland may be raised to a state in which disaffection will seem absurd, but there is no specific for the nation, any more than for the man. It is the peasants' ideal which needs changing, and laws can never affect an ideal. It is the nobler part of the Irish cottier which is in fault—his imagination which is diseased, his power of self-sacrifice which is dangerous, his unselfish pursuit of an Utopia for his country which compels Government to employ force, and it is very difficult to legislate virtues out. There are grievances existing in Ireland which ought to be redressed, which the Liberal party is greatly in the wrong not to redress immediately, but there is no proof that redress will in itself extinguish Fenianism. Equality of creeds will not conciliate men who hate the foreign priesthood rather less virulently than their own, a new tenure will not satisfy men dreaming of a new nationality, even social equality—the habitual courtesy of treatment which Englishmen as a nation refuse to everybody—will not assuage the thirst for social superiority. "I shall soon be above you," said one poor conspirator to the magistrates, and, when a man has dreamed such dreams, a *régime* of justice looks but a pale substitute. There is nothing for it but to wait till education has done its usual work, and the ideal has expanded, as it must do sooner or later, from that of an independent, very rich, very glorious, and very highly coloured Ireland, to that of a great free Empire, of which Ireland and England shall be equally only parts. The change has occurred in Scotland without eradicating localism, and it may occur also in Ireland. The way to hasten it is, we believe, to do what we did do in Scotland, get the local institutions into some sort of harmony with the genius of the people. As Scotland has her separate religious life and separate code of law, so Ireland must have the separate land system which is the distinctive crave of the race which occupies it. Everywhere on

the Continent the Celtic race has secured to the cultivator the ownership of the soil, and thus changed the most mutable of all the families of men into the most conservative. The same process must be repeated in Ireland, not by confiscation, but by rendering land as saleable as a watch,—in which case the small cultivator will ultimately bid highest, giving fifty years' purchase, as he does in Belgium, or attacking the waste, as he does in Aberdeenshire,—or by so re-arranging the relation of landlord and tenant that mutual confidence is possible. It is not possible while the tenant has to make the improvement, and then to till his farm exposed to the risk of losing it at the discretion of another man, who has a direct interest in exercising that discretion against him. It is not possible while the tenant has always to deal with a middleman who exercises over him all the power of a landlord, but has none of the interest a landlord necessarily acquires in the prosperity and contentment of the tenantry. If agrarian outrage had disappeared Ireland would be at this moment the least criminal country in Europe, and the cause of agrarian outrage is the fact that the race which tills, has one set of opinions about tenure, and the race which owns, another. The latter set may be the juster, as they are certainly the simpler, but until they are brought into harmony there can among an agricultural people be no genuine content, none of that deep reverence for institutions which kills Fenianism and similar follies. Scarcely a section of the Irish people are Fenian even in sympathies, yet from the absence of this conservative impulse even that fraction can throw whole counties into disorder, drive away tourists, arrest profitable projects, and make a country side shiver with fear because an armed vessel has been seen on an unusual corner of the coast. There are more Irish in many English counties in September than there are Fenians in any Irish county, yet they might talk treason for ever without disturbing the farmers' equanimity. The superincumbent weight is too great for them, and if we could but create a class of yeoman proprietors or of contented tenants, so also it would be in Ireland. The Fenian leaders are contemptible, their means are trifling, their organization is ludicrously defective, but the more these facts are urged the more pressing becomes the radical question,—what is the evil existing in Ireland that the haughtiest Government in the world, which habitually turns to all dangers the same

aspect of patient scorn, should depart from its best loved principles in order to arrest fifty or sixty obscure fools for talking treason and drilling with big sticks? As we believe, the cause is the application of a tenure peculiar to one civilization, namely, absolute ownership, to the land occupied by men really belonging to another. The removal of that evil will not, as we said, abolish Fenianism, but it will abolish the causes which make Fenianism dangerous, and will ultimately change the ideal in search of which Irish peasants are now willing to risk life and liberty. Irish selfishness has already strongly allied itself with England, the point now remaining is to bind to ourselves also Irish self-sacrifice.

From the Saturday Review, 30th Sept.

RECENT CHANGES IN INTERNATIONAL LAW.

INTERNATIONAL law is constantly in process of formation, being added to, or done away with, or modified. A very large part of it, consisting of the usages which civilized nations adopt towards each other in the intercourse of peace or under the various circumstances of war, grows exactly as the common law, or the equity law, of England grows. New cases are decided, and old principles are extended or restricted in their application. But the general body of the law remains, answering, in a manner more or less adequate, the wants of daily life, and recording at least the mode in which a long experience has determined that disputes may best be decided which must practically be decided in some way or other. The general mass of private international law, the rules as to domicile, as to maritime boundaries, as to salvage and recapture and the like, have been long accepted by jurists, and are scarcely ever the subject of discussion. But the larger and vaguer doctrines — those which bind, or affect to bind, national policy, and the duties of nations to each other — are constantly being changed. Any nation can set up what it pleases to call a doctrine, and can hold it until it is forced to change it, or is brought to see the wisdom of foregoing it; and nothing can be of more importance to the world at large than the nature of the train of thought which prompts a nation to set up or abandon these positions of international law. If the train of thought is

one that runs in the groove of moderation, good sense, and uprightness, the world is made so much the better, and a pledge is given that further steps will be taken in the same direction. If it runs in the groove of violence, robbery, jealousy, arrogance, or hypocrisy, the world is made so much the worse, and things are likely to go worse still. The abandonment of the MONROE doctrine by the United States is an instance under the first head, and the treatment of the Duchies by Prussia is an instance under the second. When the MONROE doctrine was first set up, it was a good doctrine. It was a protest on behalf of liberty against an audacious attempt to subjugate the world and bring both hemispheres under the sweep of the blighting curse which the Holy Alliance called orderly government. The United States proclaimed to the absolutists of the Old World that if an attempt were seriously made to coerce the revolted colonies of Spain on the mere ground that they chose to form themselves into republics, there was a great Republic in America that would try to prevent the wrong. The threat succeeded, and the Spanish colonies had free play given them, and were allowed to form themselves quietly and peaceably into the most demoralized, abject, anarchical, Heaven-forgotten communities that ever disgraced the civilized world. But the remembrance of their triumph lived on in the breasts of the Americans; and as the judicious threat of President MONROE had unfortunately been styled a doctrine, it was supposed that it must contain some general principle; and it suited the energetic, ambitious, tall-talking humour of Yankees to fancy that this principle must be that none of the Powers of the Old World have any right, under any circumstances, to interfere in the affairs of any part of the New World. The fact stared them, and all men, in the face, that England, France, and Holland are actual owners of American territory, and that the Mother-countries of almost all the white South Americans are Spain and Portugal. But it was glorious to take no notice of this, and to say that the United States were entitled exclusively to preside over all America. The Emperor NAPOLEON tested this doctrine, and founded the Empire of Mexico. It was supposed that at the first opportunity the United States would vindicate the MONROE doctrine, and pull this Empire down; and so much were even outsiders like Mr. COBDEN led away by the verbal inaccuracy of calling a pretension a doctrine, that they thought the United States would be quite right in doing this,

and they had not a word to say against so glaring an assumption of unreal authority. The experiment has been made, the Americans have considered their doctrine afresh, and have apparently determined to abandon it. This was undoubtedly due in some measure to the firm attitude of France, and to the general unwillingness of the inhabitants of the United States to pass out of one great war into another; and the readiness with which the doctrine was abandoned was undoubtedly due in a great measure to the strange obedience which the Americans pay to the decision of their PRESIDENT, simply because it is his decision. But the chief cause of the course they have taken is, that they saw on examination that their doctrine was not a right one, and, being an eminently just people when their love of justice is fairly appealed to, they decided they would not uphold a wrong principle out of mere vanity and bravado. They perceived that if any one chose to help forlorn creatures like the Mexicans, and give them, as the Emperor NAPOLEON has wished to give them, some of the elementary blessings of civilized life, they would be doing an infinite wrong to the Mexicans, to themselves, and the world, if they drove out the French without themselves undertaking to govern Mexico. The MONROE doctrine became at once ridiculous and insupportably burdensome when it was seen to carry with it the duty of imposing decency and order on all the mongrel Spanish Catholics of the vast Southern Continent; and so it was given up with much good sense, and in a handsome rational way, without any pretence of saying that it was not given up.

The Prussian Government has introduced a change into the international law of Europe which, if carried out to its full consequences, would change Europe almost as much as the MONROE doctrine, if carried out, would change America. By dint of endless wars, after a vast profusion of blood and money, and through protracted negotiations, treaties, and diplomatic arrangements, there has been established in Europe what is known as the Balance of Power, the two objects of which are to curb the ambition of the great Powers by keeping them at peace with each other, and to preserve the existence of small Powers. The Prussian Government has chosen to violate this arrangement, and has swallowed up, or has at least been on the point of swallowing up, a little Power, without a shadow of justification; and it has been able to do this because the other great Powers have decided

that a war with Prussia would be a greater evil than the maintenance of the principle on which the Balance of Power rests. England especially has shown a strong and unmistakable wish to keep out of Continental wars altogether. Possibly, if she saw another very glaring attack on what used to be called the rights of small nations to exist, but what are now understood to be nothing more than the rights which mice have to live on till the cat comes, she might be in a different humour. But it is also very probable that in each case the same argument would triumph, and that the vast misery, anxiety, and expenditure of a war would seem a greater evil than that some few hundred thousand Continentals should live under one set of police instead of under another. The question, therefore, forces itself on us, What would Europe be like if the whole theory of the Balance of Power were done away with? There can be no doubt that no small State would be suffered to exist which it would answer to absorb. France would make short work with Belgium and Geneva, and perhaps with Holland and with other cantons of Switzerland, for she could easily govern them if she incorporated them. Prussia would take possession of all Northern Germany, and perhaps of all Southern Germany. But it may be doubted whether France would think it worth while to incur the risk of constant rebellions by annexing Spain, or whether Prussia would care to be burdened with the non-German provinces of AUSTRIA. In the long run, Europe would be divided out among a few great Powers, each of whom would have certain dependencies and tributaries, such, for instance, as Italy and Spain would be to France. When once things were settled in this way, it by no means follows that wars would be frequent, or that there would be any thing like the great contests of the Houses of BOURBON and HAPSBURG. For all the causes which tend to make modern nations shy of war would operate with increased force. Commercial relations, the vast scale of military movements, railways, telegraphs, books, would all contribute, as they do now, to make great nations very reluctant to fight with each other. Nevertheless, what would have been done would have caused vast misery, grief, and despair to the victims of force — would have trampled out national life, have profoundly demoralized Europe, and laid the seeds of whatever retribution the existence of a Providential government of man may involve.

We, too, have had to make a change in

our conception of international law, for we have been taught a lesson by events. We have seen that, whatever may have been our municipal law on the subject, and whatever may have been the rules of international law, we cannot allow a belligerent to fit out ships of war from our ports under any pretence. We have been forced to think what would happen to us ourselves, in case of a war, if we did not invent or uphold the doctrine that a neutral shall not permit the issue of belligerent vessels from his shores; and we have based our decision on one of the surest of all the sanctions of international law — the desire so to shape the rule that it may guard and uphold our own interests. We have also acknowledged — and shall doubtless be ready, when our turn comes, to exercise and insist upon — the right of the belligerent injured by infractions of this rule to call upon the neutral to be very vigilant, and not to let the rule be evaded by cunning pretexts and dexterous manœuvres. The stricter we make the rule, the further we carry it out, the more rigidly we enforce it, the better for us. It has even been suggested that we, at this late hour, should try to catch the *Shenandoah*, which the American navy seem unable to get hold of. As there is now no Government to which the *Shenandoah* belongs, we should thus be pleasing the Americans, enforcing the rule with new strictness, and acting without a possibility of being called to account. On the other hand, we should thus confess that we were wrong in our treatment of Confederate ships throughout the war, and it would be difficult to see how we could resist the claim for compensation brought against us by owners of Federal property destroyed through our not having exerted ourselves to capture the Confederate vessels that issued from British ports. Neither consideration should have too much weight. If we have done wrong — that is, if we have made a mistake, and not sufficiently attended to our own permanent interests — we need not be ashamed either to own or to pay for our mistake. But it requires a very wide and patient study of consequences to see whether we have really made a mistake or not. We have hitherto defended our refusal to deal with these vessels when once out of our maritime jurisdiction, on the ground that when once a ship is, as a matter of fact, a ship of war belonging to a recognized belligerent, and is on the high seas, no one can touch her without committing an act of war against the Power she represents; and certainly, unless we should be prepared, at

the risk of war, to capture a vessel that had escaped out of a British port and bore the flag of France, of Russia, or of the United States, we ought not to have used our strength against the poor, weak, struggling Confederates. If we allowed the rule to be carried so far as is proposed, and if France and the United States were at war, and a ship built during the war in Great Britain were added to the navy of either, the injured belligerent would have a right to threaten us with war if we did not take by force, if necessary, from out of the fleet of a proud and powerful nation a vessel which we alleged had clandestinely escaped from our jurisdiction. This would be making a very dangerous concession, and England requires more experience to guide her, and more opportunity of reflection, before she can possibly agree to make it.

From the Saturday Review, 30th Sept.

THE SHENANDOAH.

THE change of sky has produced a very singular change of mind in the Correspondent who represents the *Times* in the city of New York; or it may be that the good fortune of the Northern arms has converted a thorough Southern partisan to a blind admiration for all the strongest deeds and all the weakest prejudices of the Northern people. When an English observer is so infected with the prevailing sentiment as to consider that the cruelty of which a subordinate has been accused is a sufficient ground for hanging Mr. DAVIS, who is not even charged with complicity in the treatment of the Andersonville prisoners, it is idle to look for fair and dispassionate criticism on any of the topics about which American feeling is excited. Like most sudden converts, the *Times* Correspondent probably goes far beyond the prevailing sentiments which have so strangely fascinated him, and, notwithstanding his premature verdict of guilty, it seems doubtful whether the late PRESIDENT of the Confederacy will even be brought to trial. On matters which more immediately affect the relations between America and England, it might perhaps have been expected that facts would be accurately stated, even though the inferences from them might be coloured in harmony with the American view. Mr. SEWARD himself, however, could not have stated the ground of complaint which is

supposed to arise from the depredations of the *Shenandoah* with a more hostile bias against England than is exhibited in the New York correspondence of the *Times*, and he would scarcely have ventured on a distortion of the actual facts so gross as that which has recently appeared as the judgment of an Englishman on the conduct of his own country.

All that is really known about this troublesome vessel is, that her commander, Captain WADDELL, has continued to take American merchant ships notwithstanding the overthrow of the Government by which he was commissioned. If he did this with full knowledge of what has occurred, he would be simply a pirate; but it is notorious that the Southern cruisers have never been able to keep up communications with their Government, and it is not alleged that Captain WADDELL has ever touched at a neutral port where he might learn the events which have *de facto* cancelled his commission. Nor is there any reason to suppose that American or English newspapers are regularly delivered on board of the *Shenandoah*; and the charge against the Confederate captain is only that he has received with incredulity the statements which his captives have made as to the termination of the war. It is quite possible, though by no means certain, that enough information may have reached Captain WADDELL to give a very questionable complexion to his continued operations against American commerce, but it is not easy to see how England can be implicated in the piratical proceedings of a ship which has not been spoken by a British vessel, or seen off a British port, since the close of the war. Not so thinks the English correspondent at New York, who complains that our Government is still giving a very serious cause of irritation to the Government and people of the United States. No rational being, either in England or America, can for a moment suppose that the smallest countenance would be afforded by our Ministers to the continuance of acts of war after the establishment of peace. It does not appear that any suspicion of the kind has been suggested by the diplomatic agents of the United States, and it has been reserved for an Englishman to give currency to an insinuation against his own country which is absolutely destitute of a trace of foundation. Such accusations, when published in the *Times*, will of course be regarded in America as conclusively proved. England will seem to be convicted out of her own mouth, and it is therefore of some

importance to see what the charge really is, and what are the facts by which it is supposed to be sustained. No possible amount of misrepresentation could fasten upon anything actually done by British authorities in the matter of the *Shenandoah*, for the simple reason that the ship has been seen only by the crews of the American whalers which she has taken. But the indictment brought against England is not for what she has done, but for what it is assumed she would do if the opportunity presented itself. When American cruisers do follow the *Shenandoah* into a British port, it will perhaps be time enough to complain if she is allowed to resume what would then become a distinctly piratical cruise. There can be no doubt that if the American Government claimed the ship as having become their property as successors to all the rights of the Confederate Government, the vessel would be detained, the case would be heard in a court of law, and, on proof that the cruiser was formerly public property of the Confederacy, judgment would be given in favour of the United States.

That this would be the inevitable consequence of the *Shenandoah* taking refuge in a British port is not mere speculation on our part, for a case precisely similar in principle has already occurred, and been the subject of adjudication in the Court of Chancery. A great part of the blockade-running business was conducted by adventurers who undertook to bring to Liverpool cotton, the property of the Confederate Government. Some of these cotton ships arrived after the close of the war, and the cargoes were claimed by the United States. A bill was accordingly filed to establish the demand, and judgment was given for the American Government, on the obviously correct ground that all the property of the defeated Government had become vested by conquest in the United States. On the same principle, the *Shenandoah* is, in the eye of English law, nothing but a ship belonging to the United States, which Captain WADDELL, either in ignorance or in defiance of law and fact, is using for hostile purposes against them; and there can be no question that the first time the cruiser enters an English port, the possession of the vessel will be legally transferred to those who are now the rightful owners. What more can the Americans desire? Nothing, we believe, if the real attitude assumed by this country were not studiously misrepresented to them. Thanks to the ignorance of the *Times* Correspondent, all that is possible has been done to create in the minds

of the American people the utterly false impression that England intends to dispute the title of the United States to the ownership of the ex-cruisers of the insurgent Government; and it is imagined that what is called the twenty-four hours' rule is designed to assist this policy. American officers are said to complain that if the *Shenandoah* came into a British port they would not be allowed to take her by force, and that, as a consequence of the same prohibition, they would not be suffered to follow her out of harbour and engage her at the entrance of the port. It is assumed that these regulations are framed for the purpose of defeating the rights of the American Government. They have really no such object, and could have no such effect. But it is not usual for any country to allow a foreign Government to come within its jurisdiction and reclaim its property by force. If an agent of the French Government were to abscond with public money and come to England, or if a French robber were to bring his spoil to this country, no one would suggest that the EMPEROR should be allowed to land a corporal's guard and seize either the criminal or his booty. The case is the same where the property abstracted is a ship. And the reason is plain enough. No country can allow force to be used within its jurisdiction except by its own agents, and a Government does its duty fully to all neighbouring States when it employs its own civil machinery for the purpose of restoring to them the property they rightfully claim. The twenty-four hours rule is only designed to preserve the tranquillity of British ports, and could in no way interfere with the detention of the *Shenandoah*, and her delivery by legal process to the United States.

There is no doubt that Mr. SEWARD is per-

fectly well aware of this, and makes no complaint on this ground against the English Government. The people in America are probably less accurately informed, and may be excused for an error which is not only shared but promulgated by the Correspondent of a paper like the *Times*.

The perversity of the misrepresentation does not even stop here. Not content with wholly misstating the effect of the rules which England has laid down for her own guidance, the *Times* Correspondent adds, by way of aggravation, that while France and other Powers have withdrawn their recognition of the South as belligerents, England still gives Confederate vessels the benefit of twenty-four hours' shelter — the notorious fact being that the rules to be applied to these vessels were concerted between France and England, that both countries adopted and announced them in precisely equivalent terms, and that those regulations which might seem most open to criticism on the part of the United States were introduced at the express instance of the Imperial Government. Nay, this very concert between the two neutral Powers was made a special subject of complaint by Mr. SEWARD. And after all this, the idle tale is repeated by an Englishman that England has dealt out to the United States harder measure than France and other countries have done. It is difficult to subdue irritation which is kept alive by such perverse misstatements; but Mr. JOHNSON is probably aware that the very best thing his cruisers can do is to chase the *Shenandoah* into a British port, and forthwith, without any further expenditure of powder and shot, prefer a peaceable claim to the ship, which no English Court would for a moment hesitate to enforce.

THE CRY OF THE INNOCENTS.

FROM out the depths of misery
Their comes a feeble, wailing cry :
'Tis faint at first, and scarcely heard,
Like the last note of dying bird,
When all the forest boughs are bare,
And winter reighneth everywhere.

Again it comes ; it gathers strength,
As though throughout the breadth and
length
Of this our land — so rich, so bright,
So glorious in her Christian light —
Some woe repressed has found a vent,
In utterance wild, of discontent.

And yet again, on every side
We hear it rising, like a tide
Of shame and sorrow, fear and dread :
Is it the living, or the dead,
That ask for succour and redress
In accents full of wretchedness ?

True mothers of fair babes possessed,
Clasp them more tightly to the breast,
And shrink with terror, when they hear
That wail of anguish and of fear,
Which tells how far, and deep, and wide,
Hath spread the crime — *Infanticide !*

It cometh not from Ganges' shore,
Where woman kills the babe she bore,
And stifles all a mother's love,
Devotion to her gods to prove ;
Nor from the isles, where palm-trees wave
Above the infant victim's grave :

From haunts of vice, and homes of sin,
Where most the Tempter souls may win
From squalid hovels, where no ray
Of light divine hath found a way ;
Like beasts where human beings herd,
By vilest passions only stirred.

Yet not alone from scenes like these
Cometh that cry, the blood to freeze ;
From homes of comfort, where disgrace
Of secret sin may find no place ;
From stately dwellings, where no blame
May rest upon a spotless name.

The reeds that rustle in the mere
Whisper unto the startled ear
The ghastly secret, and the leaves
Tell how the sighing forest grieves
O'er man's depravity, and all,
The sad results of woman's fall.

The stream that through the meadow flows
Singeth low dirges as it goes ;
And to the shore the angry main
The lifeless form flings back again,
While gentle breeze, and stormy gale,
Bear east and west that piteous wail.

Of murdered innocents the cry !
As when beneath the midnight sky
Migrating flocks from icy north,
Their shrill complainings utter forth,
Which sound, amid the impervious gloom,
Like warning voices from the tomb.

And let them not unheeded be ;
They come, my country, unto thee,
To warn, admonish, and refrain ;

Shall the old tale be told in vain,
Of luxury and crime, that lead
The way to ruin down with speed ?

Of murdered innocents the groan,
To Him upon the great white throne
Goes up, and all those blossoms fair,
Crushed upon earth, are cherished there,
To stand as witnesses, and say,
" Thou didst it ! " in the Judgment Day.

— *All the Year Round.*

GRANDFATHER'S PET.

THIS is the room where she slept,
Only a year ago, —
Quiet, and carefully swept,
Blinds and curtains like snow ;
There, by the bed in the dusky gloom,
She would kneel with her tiny clasp'd hands
and pray !
Here is the little white rose of a room, —
With the fragrance fled away !

Effie, Grandfather's pet,
With her wise little face, —
I seem to hear her yet
Singing about the place ;
But the crowds roll on, and the streets are
drear,
And the world seems hard with a bitter
doom,
And Effie is singing elsewhere, — and here
Is the little white rose of a room.

Why, if she stood just there,
As she used to do,
With her long light yellow hair,
And her eyes of blue, —
If she stood, I say, at the edge of the bed,
And ran to my side with a living touch,
Though I know she be quiet, and buried, and
dead,
I should not wonder much.

For she was so young, you know, —
Only seven years old,
And she loved me, loved me so,
Though I was gray and old,
And her face was so wise, and so sweet to see,
And it still look'd living when she lay dead,
And she used to plead for mother and me
By the side of that very bed !

I wonder, now, if she
Knows I am standing here,
Feeling, wherever she be,
We hold the place so dear ?
It cannot be that she sleeps too sound,
Still in her little night-gown dress'd,
Not to hear my footsteps sound
In the room where she used to rest.

Nay ! — though I am dull and blind,
Since men are bad and base,
The Lord is much too kind
To mar such a sweet young face :
Why, when we stood by her still bed-side,
She seemed to breathe like a living thing !
And when I murmur'd her name and cried,
She seem'd to be listening !

I have felt hard fortune's stings,
And battled in doubt and strife,
And never thought much of things
Beyond this human life ; —
But I cannot think that my darling died
Like great strong men with their prayers
untrue —
Nay ! — rather she sits at God's own side,
And sings as she used to do !

A weary path I have trod ;
And now I feel no fear,
or I cannot think that God
so far, since she was here !
I stand, I can see the blue eyes shine,
And the small arms reach through the cur-
tain'd gloom, —
While the breath of the great Lord God divine
Stirs the little white rose of a room !

—Good Words.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

Four hundred thousand men,
The brave — the good — the true,
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you !

Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you !
• Good friend, for me and you !

In many a fevered swamp,
By many a black bayou,
In many a cold and frozen camp,
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp,
And died for me and you !
From Western plain to ocean tide
Are stretched the graves of those who died
For me and you !
Good friend, for me and you !

On many a bloody plain
Their ready swords they drew,
And poured their life-blood, like the rain,
A home — a heritage to gain,
To gain for me and you !
Our brothers mustered by our side
They marched, and fought, and bravely died,
For me and you !
Good friend, for me and you !

Up many a fortress wall
They charged — those boys in blue —
'Mid surging smoke, and volley'd ball
The bravest were the first to fall !
To fall for me and you !
These noble men — the nation's pride —
Four hundred thousand men have died
For me and you !
Good friend, for me and you !

In treason's prison-hold
Their martyr spirits grew
To stature like the saints of old,
While amid agonies untold,
They starved for me and you !
The good, the patient, and the tried,
Four hundred thousand men have died,
For me and you !
Good friend, for me and you !

A debt we ne'er can pay
To them is justly due,
And to the nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say,
" They died for me and you !"
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave,
For me and you !
Good friend, for me and you !

—The Round Table.

THE SHORE OF THE DEAD SEA.

WHEN we reached the shore of the Dead Sea, we all gazed in silence on the scene before us. What were our first impressions? Putting aside the associations of God's anger and righteous judgment which are irresistibly suggested by all we know of those degraded races who dwelt somewhere on its borders or spots where its waters rest, the scene was decidedly pleasing. True, it is not picturesque. The want of life on this part of its waters makes it dull and uninteresting, without, however, giving it the dreary look of many a Highland loch — such, for example, as that darkest and most barren of all I have ever seen, Coruisk in Skye. Nor is the mountain range of its shores apparently "bleak and blasted," like the sides of a volcano, but, generally speaking, is clothed with what looks like herbage, though it may be but low shrubs; while several beautiful and luxuriant wadies debouch on its shores. And then there was a delicious breeze blowing over it, sending fresh-looking tiny waves to the shore; and the water was so marvellously clear and transparent, and we were so hot and deliquescent, that a bath was anticipated with peculiar pleasure. It is an error to suppose that there is actually no life of plant or animal possible within the influence of its so-called noxious vapors. Plants do grow on its border; and further south, birds are seen not only flying over it but swimming or wading in its waters. No fish have as yet been discovered in it; and this no one who touches its waters will be surprised at, assuming that fish have tastes like men! But one must draw upon fancy more than on what is seen by the eye to make the Dead Sea so very dreadful as it is generally supposed to be. We bathed, of course, and the experiences gained thereby are such as its waters alone afford. Every one knows what a horrid taste it has. No mixture of vinegar, alum, and sulphur, or any similar compound which would fret the skin and pucker the tongue, can give any idea of it. One must taste the deceptive liquid, so clear and beautiful, yet so vile and nauseous, in order to appreciate its composition; and must let his lips, cracked and blistered with the sun, and his face, punctured with mosquitoes and other insects, be touched by this limpid wash, before he can estimate its energy. Its buoyancy is also well known, but one must swim through its heavy waters to realize the novel sensation of being unable to sink. The first attempt to swim never fails to produce shouts of laughter,—a dangerous levity, as giving admission to the water by the lips. The moment we breast its waves, we are astonished to find our feet fly up to the surface, and all our old ideas of equilibrium vanish. The most comfortable attitude is either floating on the back, or sitting in the water with a gentle movement of the hands to balance our water-seat; and then the ease, quiet, and composure with which our object can be accomplished, inaugurate a new idea in aquatics. Some travellers tell us that they have dived, or attempted to dive, into these depths. The very idea would have terrified me! I felt uneasy once when los-

ing connection with terra firma, and had a vision of a depth of possibly 1,300 feet, near if not beneath me. Might not the edge of the abyss be but a few yards off? And the idea of hanging over such a precipice, with who knows what below, was enough to make one look to the pebbles at his feet for comfort. Besides, I did not see how anybody with only hands for paddles, and without the help of a screw, could ever force his way through those leaden depths. It may pain some solemn critics to know that we very frequently broke the silence of the Dead Sea by shouts of merriment. But the fact must nevertheless be confessed, — though we are in some quarters given to understand, that whatever coloured garments a clergyman may wear in Palestine, he is always to write as one who travels in gown and bands. We enjoyed our bath exceedingly, felt much refreshed by it, and did not find the pungent effect of the water on the skin peculiarly disagreeable. — *Good Words.*

IN a letter to *The Guardian*, Mr. John Flint thus describes the grave of the author of "The Essays of Elia." He says: "I shall assume that the visitor to Edmonton Churchyard enters by the gate which is nearest to the 'Rose and Crown Inn.' The gate is always open. He must then take the footpath on his left hand, which passes by the north side of the church, and then starts off to the left again. Going a short distance, he will see the gravestone on his right; the grave lies between two gravel paths. Near to Lamb's grave, and on its right, is a solidly-built stone monument to 'Gideon Rippon, of Eagle House, Edmonton, and the Bank of England'; on its left is an iron grave-rail with raised letters, which rail is to the memory of Mrs. Sarah Warner, and four children who died in their infancy. But what shall I say of the grave of Charles and Mary Lamb? It is overshadowed by Gideon Rippon's monument, trodden down and partly covered by nettles. This ought not to be its state. The lines which are on Lamb's gravestone were written by Words-Worth. I transcribe them: —

To the Memory of Charles Lamb. Died 27th December, 1834, aged 59.

Farewell, dear Friend; that smile, that harmless mirth,
No more shall gladden our domestic hearth;
That rising tear with pain forbid to flow, •
Better than words, no more assuage our woe:
That hand outstretched, from small but well-earned store,
Yield succour to the destitude no more.
Yet art thou not all lost: thro' many an age,
With sterling sense and humour, shall thy page
Win many an English bosom, pleased to see
That old and happier vein revived in thee.
This for our earth. And if with friends we share
Our joys in heaven, we hope to meet thee there.

The remaining words on the stone are: "Also Mary Ann Lamb, sister of the above, born 3d December, 1767; died 20th May, 1847." Mr. Flint suggests a public subscription to raise a monument over the remains of Charles Lamb and his sister.